THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1857.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1597. }

Original Novelet.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance

OF

FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MILL OF MAITRE JEAN.

Pierre Bart and his young charge had not much to talk about, as they rode in the shadows of the great hills towards the mill of St. Tron. The night was falling fast, and already, where the wood was thickest, a veil of darkness shrouded the horse-path. But the pony knew well the way he had often travelled, and trotted on with even pace. At intervals, through openings in the heavy foliage, glimpses could be had of the river, flowing silently between its narrow banks, and the publican reflected how, at that moment, the Liegois were preparing to defend their city, through which ran the same stream; a stream that might quite speedily be crimsoned with their blood. He had learned from the attendants of Duke Charles that a grand attack was shortly to be made upon St. Tron and Liege, and, as he likewise knew that rumors were rife of the French King's approach to the succor of the insurgents, he doubted not that a bloody battle would ere long take place between the contending armies. Apprehensive of the troubles and disorders that might then arise, Pierre Bart had determined in his own mind to take measures for the safety of the child Angela—who was in truth dearer to him than all other objects: and he was the more anxious to carry into practice such plans as he had formed, from the fear which he now felt that the visit of the strange French noble, and the sudden affection conceived by Lady Margaret for the young maiden, might bode a separation between the latter and himself. This consideration, as will presently be seen, had induced his abrupt journey to the Mill of St. Tron, rather than any lack of provender in the stables of the 'Blue Boar.'

A ride of two hours brought Pierre Bart and his child to the house of his brother-in-law, the worthy miller, who was known throughout that neighborhood by the name of Jean Schaffer, or more commonly Maitre Jean. Unlike his portly kinsman, the publican, who was in sooth a walking signboard of the "Blue Boar's" excellent fare, Maitre Jean, as he appeared at the door of the mill, in answer to Pierre's loud summons, presented the figure of a thin, tall, and somewhat stooping man, with a face that exhibited little of mother's moony fullness. He was apparently seventy years of age, but, though spare and lean, he seemed in no wise destitute of strength or power of endurance. Still it was plain, from the cautious manner of his approach, and a shifting expression of his eyes, that Maitre Jean possessed in a super-eminent degree that quality of caution" which Duke Charles had averred to be a Switzer's natural trait.

But, cautious as were his movements, there was no lack of cordiality in the greeting that Maitre Jean gave to his brother-in-law, and certainly none in the resounding kiss which the old man bestowed upon Angela, as he lifted her from the pony's back. The girl, on her part, seemed no less pleased to embrace her uncle, and taking his hand, in high spirits, followed speedily into the mill, while Pierre Bart led the horse to his kinsman's stable at the rear of the dwelling.

"And what brings thee, chick, to the mill at this late hour?" inquired Maitre Jean, as he seated Angela on a stool drawn near the blazing fire. "Surely no evil threatens my good brother—though, in times like these—alack! we know not what to look for!" And the miller shook his head ruefully, gazing round, with a peering glance, as if apprehensive of being overheard.

"Oh, no! praise be to all the saints, Uncle Jean!" replied the maiden. "To be sure, thou wouldst hardly know the 'Blue Boar' now, with so many brave gentlemen and great lords marching up and down so grandly!"

"What do I hear, Angela?" cried the old miller, hastily. "The 'Blue Boar' filled with lords and gentlemen? And who, chick, may they be? Canst tell if they be French, or Flemish, or Dutch, or—"

"Nay, but Burgundians, with the blue favors and scarfs and red-crosses on their bright armor," returned Angela. "Oh, they be noble and rich gentlemen, Simon Gitt says—and the Prince himself is with them—and they are—oh, Uncle Jean! they are to fight and slay the poor people of Liege, in a great battle, Simon says! But here is my father, who will tell thee all, uncle!"

As Angela said this, the publican appeared at the door, and Maitre Jean made way for him at the inside. At the same time, in answer to the miller's call, a white-frocked serving-man entered with a great bundle of faggots, which he threw upon the crackling fire. Then drawing an oak table, on which he placed a couple of trenchers, and handing to his master a cobwebbed bottle of wine, the man withdrew from the apartment, leaving the two kinsmen and the young maiden to themselves.

"So, the Burgundians are here," said Maitre Jean. "I have marvelled all day because of the stir in our forest, but bade my man Franz forward in the mill, and go not forth, lest ill might happen. 'Franz,' quoted I, 'bad neighbors will find us out speedily enough, without giving them invitations before hand.' So, Franz stirred not from the mill, though methinks I heard a trumpet sounded thrice or more."

"In good sooth, Maitre Jean," replied the publican, "there be worse masters to serve than Charles of Burgundy! A right royal and liberal guest is he, though somewhat hasty in speech, 'tis true.—What think ye, Maitre Jean? It is the Duke himself who hath made head-quarters of the 'Blue Boar,' and, by my faith, I do fear the men of Liege will rue the day they trusted to the French King's promises. There must be a mighty army at the Burgundian's back, for the pennons and colors of his knights and lords are as many, one would almost swear, as there be provinces in France itself."

"The Duke of Burgundy is in truth a powerful prince," returned Jean Schaffer, who prided himself not a little on the possession of accomplishments, which in that period, few knights or even nobles could boast, and which were no less, indeed, than the clerkly arts of reading and writing. "He hath away, brother Pierre, over territories large as the kingdom of the English; and he hath ambition to be tenfold mightier than he is." Maitre Jean, in saying these last words, sunk his voice to a whisper, and twisted nervously on the wooden bench which formed his seat.

"He would be King—of France, perhaps?" said Pierre Bart, suggestively.

"More than that," replied Maitre Jean, shaking his head.

"*Diable!* more than that?"

"Ay—mayhap Germany would not content him—ay, nor Italy! if what men say be true, that he likes best the courtier who calls him—not *Charles le Temeraire*—but *Carlo Magnus*."

The miller's thin cheek flushed a moment, as he uttered this, and he fell into a thoughtful silence. But Pierre Bart, who entertained for his learned brother-in-law a respect the more profound, because he was usually totally unable to comprehend him, poured out a flagon of wine, and drank it off at a swallow. Then, depositing the tankard on the table.

"God save us!" cried he, "we are talking of forbidden things! What boots it to millers and publicans, if *Charles le Temeraire* be King or Duke—"

"Or Emperor," interrupted the miller. Then, as if vexed at his own expression, he went on quickly—"But, as thou sayst, kinsman! what have poor dogs like us to do with the royal lion. Let us only avoid his teeth, and 'ware his claws."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Pierre Bart, who saw in this a jest worthy to be enjoyed. "But, Angela, *ma mignonette*," he continued, laying his hand tenderly on the maiden's head, which reclined against her uncle's breast, "I have not heard the ask once for poor Mama Babette, who is not here, as is her wont."

"Because Mama Babette—because—because—" cried Angela, hesitatingly.

"Because Mama Babette is out of thy graces, little one," rejoined Maitre Jean. "Ah! chick! thou shalt not think harshly of the poor old soul—or that she would harm thee."

"Nay, dear uncle—I did fear she would harm *thee*," replied Angela. "She—she! Ah! I cannot tell—I do not know—but, indeed, I cannot love Mama Babette!" And tears glittered suddenly in the maiden's brilliant eyes, which she fain would hide, but Maitre Jean kissed them quickly away.

"Well, *petite!*" said the miller, kindly, "we will not ask thee to love Mama Babette! Nevertheless, as thy father and I will now finish the flask, go thou, my dear Angela, and make friends with the old dragon, and bid her give thee a cup of the conserve, which she keeps in store. Run, pretty one!" And Jean Schaffer patted his fair niece's cheek, and with another kiss released her from his arms, while she poutingly shook her finger at him a moment, and then, spite of her prejudice against Mama Babette, hurried to seek the old woman in her own peculiar domain—the upper chamber of the mill.

Mama Babette was the housekeeper, or *ménagère*, of Jean Schaffer, and she ruled with an iron sway, not only over the mill, of which she was considered in the light of *chatelaine*, but over the miller and his man. She was a rugged, coarse-featured, and masculine old dame, with straggling tufts of hair growing upon her chin and upper lip; she wore an inflexible Norman head-piece, at least two feet high, above her forehead; she was angular in figure, and abrupt in speech, and possessed a malevolent eye which frightened those at whom she looked when angry—for it then burned redly, as if inflamed. Such was the *concierge*, or housekeeper of our studious miller, and it was hardly a marvel that Angela should have conceived for her little affection. Nevertheless, in compliance with her uncle's desire, and the more because she comprehended that her two kinsmen were anxious to consult privately together, the maiden proceeded to seek out Mama Babette.

To do this, she was obliged to ascend a very narrow and crooked flight of stairs—but Angela well-knew all the localities of the old mill, which she had visited hundreds of times, and so she speedily found her way to the upper place, lighted only by the moon-beams that now struggled through the open casement at the head of the stairs. We will leave her, for the present, to make her reluctant compliments to Mama Babette, while we return to the two kinsmen, as they drink their wine before the fire.

ANGELA AND MAMA BABETTE.

"It is of her that I would now speak to thee, Maitre Jean!" remarked Pierre Bart, as he saw the old miller's glance follow affectionately the figure of Angela, as she left the room. "For in good sooth, I need thy council, brother o' mine."

"Say on, Pierre."

"Thou knowest, Jean, that I love the child, as if she were mine own—as I do well believe, thou lovest her thyself, brother."

The miller nodded his head, while a tear glistened in his eye.

"It is now nine years since my good wife, thy sister, (God rest her soul!) was laid to sleep in holy ground—and since then, I have watched the baby of three years, grow up betimes to the fair maiden she now is, with heart light as a bird's, and body graceful as the kid of our own Swiss mountains, brother."

"Ay! 'tis true—'tis true, Pierre!"

"Thou knowest well how I love the child; and it is because I am no scholar, Jean, and thou hast learning, by the art of which I know thee to be superior to my poor wit, that I came to-night, and ask thee—'Maitre Jean! should I give up the pride of my heart—the joy of my lovely life—my little Angela.'"

"What sayst thou, Pierre Bart? Give Angela up? And to whom, I pray thee, speak!" cried the miller, turning pale, and regarding his kinsman with an anxious look.

"Thou knowest, Maitre Jean, 'tis now twelve years since there came a horseman to the 'Blue Boar,' with an infant wrapt in his heavy cloak, and said—(ah! full well I remember that voice!) 'Here, publican! take this babe to thy wife, and bid her nurse it. Let a purse of gold pay thee—till the imp dies—and then thou shalt have two purses.'"

"And the horseman then galloped away, Pierre, leaving the poor babe in thy arms. Ay! I remember it well!"

"Even so, Maitre Jean—after he had cast the purse of gold upon the ground. The saints be praised! the gold is still in the self-same purse! for no penny of the ill-bestowed gift would I charge my soul with spending. By'r Lady! so counselled my discreet wife, thy sister!"

"And well did my poor sister nourish and care for the little one," said Maitre Jean, "till it pleased Heaven to call her away from us."

"As it were her own babe, Maitre Jean—as it were her own babe!" repeated Pierre Bart, ruminating. "And it is because I thought of thy sister, my good wife, and of her love for this dear child, whom we did call 'Angela,' as thou knowest—because, as Lisette said, it was an 'angel-gift' to us, who were childless—I say, it is because *she* loved the maiden that I came to thee, Maitre Jean, to-night, is to crave counsel concerning her, and ask thee should I give her up?"

"To whom, Pierre Bart—I pray thee?"

"Listen! In the hostelry abides even now a traveller who arrived at matins—and Maitre Jean—I do know of a surety he is the same who twelve years ago gave to me the child—our Angela."

"The horseman in the cloak?"

"Himself, Maitre Jean. And with him comes a lady, pale and ill, and hapless, I fear me—but, I doubt me not, she is the mother of our sweet Angela."

"And they demand that our Angela be restored to them?"

"Nay, brother, I said not that. But, listen." And Pierre Bart proceeded to relate what he had witnessed in the conduct of the French noble and his daughter—the wild demeanor of the lady towards Angela, and her gift of the gold heart to the maiden. He concluded by expressing his conviction that the object of the second visit of the Frenchman to the "Blue Boar" was to take possession of Angela, on some plea, without making known to the inn-keeper his identity with the horseman who gave the babe to his keeping.

"Thou art wrong," said Maitre Jean, after reflecting a short time. "The lady thou say'st is unhappy, and the father is not kind to her, and was wroth when she embraced Angela! Now, I bethink me of a plan to test the intent of this stranger. Leave Angela here, at the mill, and return without her."

"That is even as I did desire," answered Pierre Bart, "though my thought sped further than thine. I have heard thee talk for many a year concerning our native Swiss valleys, and of thy yearning to revisit it. What say'st thou now, Maitre Jean, of journeying to Switzerland for a season, and taking with thee our Angela?"

"It is well," replied the miller. "Nevertheless—there is justice, Pierre—and there is honesty, and there is love for Angela, to be taken into thy account. What think ye, brother? would it be right, if the unhappy lady would have her child restored, that thou or I should hinder? Answer me this, Pierre Bart?"

There was a struggle in the inn-keeper's mind for a moment, and then he answered,

"Nay—it would be a sin, Maitre Jean—a great sin."

"Ay, brother—and a wrong to the poor child, our beloved," rejoined the miller. "For, doubtless, the lady is rich—and it may be, noble."

"It is true, Maitre Jean."

"My counsel, then, is that Angela remain with Mama Babette to-night," continued Jean, "and thou must return to the hostelry. If it be the intention of this stranger to reclaim the child he left with thee, for its mother, there is but one course for us to pursue. But, if, peradventure, there be guile intended—as I fear me may well be—then the maiden is safe with her uncle. Let us trust in God, Pierre Bart, and wait."

CHAPTER IX.

MAMA BABETTE.

The two kinsmen having thus disposed of a subject so interesting to themselves, turned their conversation to the events transpiring in the neighborhood of St. Tron, and Pierre Bart recounted his colloquy with the great Burgundian leader who had made head-quarters of the "Blue Boar." Meantime, Angela had been received, though with no generous welcome, by Mama Babette, the housekeeper, and was endeavoring to amuse that dragon of the mill with an artless description of the Burgundian soldiers, as she had caught sight of them in sundry peepings from concealed windows at the "Blue Boar." Mama Babette listened and nodded her head, but it was with a morose air and unsmiling countenance.

"I doubt me not," said the crone, in a pause of Angela's recital—"I doubt me not thy giddy head is already half turned by the trappings of the soldiery? It is ever a young butterfly that's cheated with sunshiny mornings. But the rain comes—aha! and the black clouds of night to bide the silly fly, as it lies broken and dead."

"Oh, Mama Babette! why wilt thou ever frighten me with thy fearful sayings? What hath the poor butterfly to do with the soldiers that I was telling thee about?"

"Nothing—aha! nothing, pretty favorite—beautiful angel, as that simple father of thine—and his simple brother, my master—call thee. Nothing—angel, that art mortal, like old Babette."

"Ay, we are all mortal, truly the good priest saith," remarked Angela, becoming suddenly serious. "We must all die—thou and I, Mama Babette!"

"And who cares whether Babette dies or whether she lives?" cried the housekeeper, in a querulous tone, while her eyes seemed to redden in the glare of the fitful flame that was cast by a resin-taper which burned on a ledge above the hearthstone.

"Nay—would not Uncle Jean care? And would not Pierre Bart care? And," the maiden paused a moment, as if first asking the question of herself, "and would not *I* care, Mama Babette?"

"No! thou would'st not!" returned the crone, sharply uttering the negative, as if it were a missile instead of a word. "No! butterfly! gaudy, painted plaything as ye are—it would glad thee to see the old woman lying stark before thee! But—aha! I'll live to see thee wish for thine own death, angel as you are!"

Angela shrunk back appalled from the malignant old woman who thus threatened her. The red glare of the crone's eyes terrified her, so that she had no power to reply. She could only shade her own eyes with her small hands, and try to repress the tears which now began to gush. Mama Babette regarded her with a sinister smile.

At length the maiden, by a strong effort, mastered her emotion, and controlled the passion of tears in which, had she been alone, her sensitive nature would have sought relief. She rose calmly from the stool that she had occupied, and said—

"Mama Babette! I fear thou art unhappy—or very wicked. I will pray, when I return home to-night, that the Virgin may soften thy heart. Good-night, Mama Babette!"

Angela put forth her hand to the *concierge*; but the latter recoiled and refused to take it. Nevertheless the red glare that had burned so balefully on the maiden no longer sought her gaze, but fell to the floor. Mama Babette, though her evil nature would not allow her to show it, felt herself rebuked by the gentle voice of the young girl. Yet she hated her none the less.

When Angela had left the presence of this woman, her young heart seemed to beat with freer pulsations, and she hastened lightly down the staircase. But, reaching the midway landing, opposite a casement through which the moonbeams had been streaming, the maiden was suddenly conscious of a crimson glare before her, and started as if again beneath the influence of Mama Babette's eyes. But a single glance showed her that the entire sky, as far as visible through the window, was of a lurid hue, and illumined the forest and hills afar off as with the light of day.

"Blessed Saint Virgin!" murmured Angela, crossing herself, with a quick prayer; "what great light can it be? I fear me the poor town of St. Tron is on fire." And, with renewed haste, the maiden descended the staircase, and entered the room where sat the miller and his kinsman, to whom she hurriedly related what she had seen.

"It is, without doubt, true, Angela," said Pierre Bart; "the attack has been commenced by the van of the army upon St. Tron, and it may be the town is now in flames! Hark! was not that—aye, truly, it was the noise of those deadly cannon of which, it is said, the Duke of Burgundy hath great store." As he spoke, the distant thunder of artillery broke the silence of the night, and Pierre Bart moved quickly to the mill door, followed by Maitre Jean and the maiden.

As they looked up, on gaining the open air, they beheld the entire sky reddened, so that stars and even moon were but dimly seen. The reflection, at the same time, played upon the high tree-tops, and trembled through the sloping aisles of the wood, whilst the stream which flowed by the mill was of a dark crimson hue.

"It is the fit covering of battle," said the miller, solemnly; "when Christians slay each other, it is meet that the stars should be hidden, and the rivers run bloody." And Maitre Schaffer glanced shudderingly at the apparently discolored stream.

"Hark! again!" cried Pierre Bart, as the report of another cannon was answered by a hundred forest echoes; "that is nearer than St. Tron."

"There will be a dreadful battle—will there not, uncle?" asked Angela, pressing close to Maitre Jean, who looked pale and anxious; "ah! is it not very wicked for the Duke to slay the poor people of St. Tron?"

"Hush, child! thou knowest naught of these things," interposed Pierre Bart; "give me a kiss, Angela, for I will even leave thee here to-night, with our good Maitre Jean, thy uncle, while I return forthwith to the hostelry."

"And why, dear father, must I stay?" cried Angela, as an indefinable fear began to influence her; "why am I not to go with thee to our home?"

"Nay, it is for thy safety, *petite*," answered Pierre Bart, caressing her; "thy uncle and myself fear that the soldiery may be troublesome at the 'Blue Boar'—that is all; and thou art better here, child, for a day or so."

"But, I fear for *thee*, father."

"Nonsense, little one! I am under the good Duke's special protection, as thou must be under Maitre Jean's. Now, *Mignonne*, one more kiss, and I will to horse."

The inn-keeper stooped and tenderly kissed the maiden, in whose eyes new tears had now gathered, and then walked away quickly to the stables where he had left his horse. Maitre Jean pressed the trembling hand which clung to his, and thus they stood upon the threshold of the mill door, as the publican, mounted on his pony, clattered around the corner of the building, and, waving his hand, galloped swiftly away through the forest-aisles, made light by the lurid sky.

Angela watched him as long as the least glimpse of his frame was discernible—listened till the last hoof-tread died in the distance. Then a strange weight seemed to oppress her, and across her mind flitted a thought—"where goeth he?"

But Maitre Jean shivered, and said, "Let us go in. The night is cold, my little one."

CHAPTER X.

THE BURNING INN.

Pierre Bart continued on his homeward road, at as fast a pace as the pony could be urged to make; and it was not till he had accomplished half the journey that he bethought him of his neglect in regard to the ostensible purpose of his expedition—the obtaining of a supply of meal. In the hurry of parting and alarm consequent on discerning the signs of what he supposed was the conflagration of St. Tron, the publican had entirely forgotten that he had received the safe-guard of his Burgundian guest on the representation of his errand being to the mill for a sack of grain. He comforted himself, however, with the reflection that, in the hurry of preparations for battle, his return would scarcely be noticed, or that, perhaps, the "Blue Boar" might even now be evacuated by the soldiers of Charles. Nevertheless, it was not without unaccountable misgivings in his mind, which he could not banish, that Pierre Bart neared the highway skirting the forest at whose extremity was located the hostelry; and once, indeed, he was tempted to turn aside to the ravine path, and gain his own premises through the secret subterranean passage. This idea, however, he dismissed immediately, as he well knew his presence, without having passed the sentinels, should they still be posted, might beget inquiries which he would find it difficult to answer. He kept on, therefore, wondering greatly at the increasing brightness of the sky, until at length, after more than an hour's brisk ride, he gained the borders of the wood, and emerged upon the highway. Arrived there, Pierre Bart discovered, in surprise and dismay, the cause of that lurid light which had deepened on his advance. It was the conflagration, not of St. Tron, but of his own house, the "Blue Boar" hostelry.

The publican checked his horse, with a cry of affright, and for a moment sat paralyzed with terror in his saddle. Then, spurring the animal anew, he galloped wildly forward, and presently found himself in the midst of a score of soldiers, who, with loud shouts, surrounded him, while one of them seized his horse's head.

"Dismount, villain!" "Let him not escape!" were the sudden cries that appalled Pierre Bart, who, ere he could raise arm or voice, was grasped by violent hands, and dragged roughly from the saddle.

"It is the treacherous publican!" cried a tall archer, who clutched him fiercely by the neck.

"Aye! the incendiary—the spy!" exclaimed a man-at-arms, forcing the unhappy Pierre Bart, with great strength, to his knees.

"Mercy! what would ye, my masters?" cried the inn-keeper; "in the name of St. Andrew and all the Saints, what have I done, that ye use me thus violently?"

"Oh, dog!" growled the man-at-arms; "we will show thee presently. Here, Antoine, tie me this arrant knave with thy bow-string, while I hold his hands. 'Twas the Duke's orders he should be taken dead or alive. Stir not, treacherous publican! or the bow-string shall go twice round thy neck, and my dagger will give thee *coup de grace* with one twist. Aye, now thou'rt secure!"

Bewildered and terrified, as he saw the flames of his burning home rising fitfully with great clouds of smoke—for the roofing and floors had fallen in, and naught but a gulf of smouldering fire appeared between the massive stone walls—Pierre Bart knew not what terrible calamity might presently befall him. He glanced fearfully at the faces, inflamed with wrath, that surrounded him, and seemed in the red glare like the lineaments of demons; and feeling the tight cords with which his hands were bound, as well as hearing the threats of the man-at-arms, he sank, more dead than alive, upon the ground. Meantime crowds of archers and men-at-arms approached from every side, while a confused mass of torches, gleaming armor, lances, and pennons, appeared upon the highway and throughout the wood, still illumined by the burning tavern.

"Ha! the Duke returns! it is his summons!" exclaimed the soldier who had pursued the inn-keeper, as the notes of a trumpet echoed through the forest recesses; and immediately afterwards a troop of courtiers galloping at speed, appeared advancing from the glades. At the same time a dozen trumpet blasts answered the first, the clang of arms resounded from all parts of the forest and thronged highway, and a movement of soldiers from every point, showed that the leaders of the Duke's vanguard were marshaling their forces in columns as the prince approached.

Charles of Burgundy, at the head of a brilliant cavalcade of nobles and knights, now neared at a rapid pace the groups of soldiers surrounding the publican, who, with hands bound so tightly behind him that the least movement on his part caused exquisite pain, lay prone upon the dust of the highway.

"Hah! by St. George!" cried the Burgundian, uttering his usual oath, when excited; "is it true we have the villain safe? the dog! where is he?"

"Is it the will of your highness that I finish the knave with this bow-string?" asked the man-at-arms who stooped over Pierre Bart, "or is he to be reserved for torture?"

"Peace!" said Charles, reining his steed close to the prostrate publican, who made an effort to get upon his knees, but fell backward, tortured by the sharp cord that confined him, "Peace and lift the traitor to his feet, that I may see the face which this day I deemed wrongly was an honest one!"

Pierre Bart, in obedience to this mandate, was supported to his feet by the man-at-arms, and ventured to raise his eyes to the wrathful countenance of Duke Charles.

"Well, dog and traitor, what hast thou to say in defence of thy monstrous villainy?" demanded the Burgundian, after waiting a moment for the publican to speak.

"That I am neither dog nor traitor!" answered Pierre Bart, in a faltering voice.

"By St. Dominick! thou slave! I will have thee flayed alive and roasted! It is too merciful a punishment, indeed! What, villain! dost not confess thy crime?"

"I know not, the holy saints be my witness! what crime it is your highness would charge me with," answered Pierre Bart, who had now, in a measure, recovered his courage. "But of treachery—or the intent of treachery—I call God to judge if I be innocent or guilty!"

"Did not thy hand fire yonder house! Nay, villain! attempt not to deny or evade! Did not thyself, or thy servants, or traitorous accomplices, put this, thine own dwelling, to the flames?"

"Holy Mother! of what am I accused?" cried Pierre Bart, aghast with horror; "of firing mine own house!"

"Ay, villain! that by the blaze of its roof thou couldst bring the rebels of Liege to attack mine army—ay, and burn thy prince like a rat in the walls! Hah! by St. George!"

"Oh, Mother of Heaven! Oh, holy St. Angela!" cried the poor publican. "My lord Duke, this frightful thing is not true! I am innocent! As God is our Judge, I am innocent!"

And Pierre Bart, in anguish and terror, attempted to kneel, but fell forward at the feet of the Duke's horse, which snorted, and reared backward, almost unseating his rider.

"Away with him! let the lying slave be guarded well! When Liege falls, the torture shall make him confess, and reveal the names of the traitors who set him on! Now, forward, my good lords! The morn will soon be breaking."

Saying this, Charles spurred his horse over the prostrate inn keeper, who, with difficulty, was plucked away from the rush of steeds which followed. In a brief space, the wretched Pierre found himself dragged to a rough baggage car, on which he was securely fastened, lying upon his back, stiff, and suffering severe pain, with his eyes staring upward to the sky, that had now faded to a murky dun, denoting the fire to be dying away, and that the "Blue Boar" tavern was at last but a mass of smouldering ruins. Very soon the dun changed to brown, and then darkened into shadow. Clouds, heavy and black, seemed to hang over the smoke-wreaths that rested on the wood-tops. Then darkness settled around the spot where Pierre Bart lay pinioned, the chill air blew upon his face, and his limbs grew numb with cold and pain.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF ST. TRON.

Meanwhile Duke Charles of Burgundy rode forward, past the ruined tavern, followed by his knights and nobles, till he reached a plain beyond the forest-borders, where were pitched many hundred tents. It was the fortified camp, which had been hastily constructed within the last twenty-four hours. A line of baggage wains and camp lumber formed a sort of rampart, defending the outer range of tents, and outside of this line, long, iron-pointed stakes were driven into the ground obliquely, forming a *chevaux de frize*, on which a charge of horse would, if unaware of their position, be directly impaled, while behind the wagon lines a force of archers might, with impunity, discharge their slings and cross-bows. Along this line, as Charles rode up, several squads of soldiers were moving, with depressed torches, from point to point, at times lifting heavy burthens, and bearing them towards the tents. At about five hundred yards distance, the river could be discerned, flowing sullenly between low banks, while beyond this again stretched a waste of bog-land, on which tall, coarse grass was soughing in the night-breeze. The Duke of Burgundy checked his horse near one of the groups of soldiers, and abruptly addressing a knight, who followed closely, said,

"By St. George! look there, my lord of Coutay! Behold what cost of blood this traitor's deed hath caused."

As the Duke spake, the soldiers near him lifted some object from the ground, and placed it on a rude litter. It was the body of a man. The Sieur de Coutay's eyes followed those of Charles along the barrier, and saw that, at frequent intervals, there were two or more dead or wounded men lying upon the field.

"Ay, your highness! here the brave sentinels stood, who first discovered, and with their nearest comrades breasted the attack. There was bloody work done here, and gallant souls have fled."

"By our Lady of Bruges! these burghers of Liege,—if men of Liege they were who made this night assault—have something of soldier's mettle in their tradesmen's veins. But—"

"They are rebels and traitors to their lawful prince," cried the Sieur de Coutay, warmly taking up the discourse where Charles had paused. "And if we do not soundly drub their rascal bodies ere the sun shall rise and set again, I trow De Coutay will think it foul shame to wear knightly harness more."

"And thou shalt have the field. The rebel spirit must be crushed at once, or there will be a juncture between these men of Liege and Dammartin, who hath fresh troops, well armed, and eager to serve their false-hearted lord, Louis."

"Ay, your grace! for in the hurry of this assault and repulse—while yet your hostelry was blazing, there came a messenger, with news that fifteen men-at-arms of both Huy and Magdeburg were on the march to strengthen the rebels of St. Tron and Liege."

"I know, I know, my lord De Coutay. So, we must cut them off, as well as disperse these Liegois, ere my good Count of Dammartin, General Chabannes, makes head with his army from Champagne. I doubt, sir, we shall have a bloody field this day."

Saying these words, Charles rode on, with the Sieur de Coutay, while the nobles, at a quick signal from the latter, dispersed themselves among the tents, to snatch an hour or two of repose, ere the day-break should summon them to new conflict—perhaps to death. The Duke himself, however, thought not of sleep, for his mind was busied with projects that the day was to behold in operation.

And well might Charles be troubled in recalling events that had transpired during the night. Scarce two hours after curfew, while yielding, after his anxious day, to a short slumber, in the "best room" of Pierre Bart's hostelry, the Duke had been suddenly awakened by smoke and fire around him, and hastily starting up, discovered that the rushes of his floor, and the very couch on which he had lain, were enveloped in flames. It was but the work of a moment for him to beat down the door and escape, rousing the half-slumbering guards, who were posted without, and who knew naught of the danger. The attendants and soldiers, summoned from all sides, crowded to the gate, but the flames, evidently originating in the very apartment of their prince, had, by the time of their arrival, spread to other portions of the inn, and in a few moments the entire structure was in a blaze. Charles, recovering his coolness, first gave quick orders for the soldiers to attempt the mastery of the fire; but, at this crisis, the alarm went from mouth to mouth, that the army's rearguard was attacked by all the enemy's force.

"Hah! by St. George! it is a plot! There is treachery here!" exclaimed the Duke, in sudden anger. "What, ho! bring me that knave, Pierre Bart!—the landlord of this hostelry. By our Lady! I doubt me, but it was he who would have burned your Prince in his bed."

But the knave Pierre Bart was no where to be found. He had not returned from his errand to the mill, to perform which he had possessed himself of the safeguard, or countersign, given by the Duke. At this intelligence, a certainty of the publican's guilt seemed to impress itself at once, not only upon the Prince's mind, but on those of his followers who were near, and the rumor sped at once among the alarmed soldiery that an attempt to burn their master in his bed, at the same time that an assault was made upon the camp, had been instigated by the rebels, and the tavern-keeper made their wicked instrument. The command was at once given to make Pierre Bart a prisoner, dead or alive; and then Charles of Burgundy, mounting his horse, headed his chieftains in a charge which, ere the entire camp was aware of the enemies' assault, repulsed, after severe fighting, the midnight sortie of the Liegois from St. Tron. It was the result of the attack and repulse that was revealed to the Burgundian's eyes, when he bade the Sieur de Coutay mark the slain defenders of his camp.

With the first rays of dawning light, Duke Charles was in the saddle, marshalling his forces, which, under the banners of their respective leaders, deployed upon the quiet plain of St. Tron. The attack of the night previous, though repulsed, had communicated to the army a kind of surly respect for their opponents, and there was no longer heard the vaunting threats which the soldiers of Franche Compté and Picardy were wont to indulge in respecting the doughty tradesmen of Flanders. Indeed, some of these—some Burgundian and Picard warriors—retained no gentle remembrance of the tough blows dealt by the assailants of the night: yet, though they scoffed not, these rough men-at-arms were resolute on far more dangerous methods of warfare: for they remembered their comrades slain on the barrier, and swore that day to avenge them.

The town of St. Tron, in the Hasbain, was at this time not only defended by its barriers, but hemmed on the land side by almost impassable swamps, which formed its environs. The Duke of Burgundy posted his troops upon the solid plain beyond, and on the borders of the highway and forest; columns of infantry being concealed in the wide aisles that penetrated the latter. Then arranging his van in that admirable position for receiving assaults, the wedge-shaped, massive body, which the French had lately copied from the English, he stationed the archers behind their long pikes, fixed firmly in the ground, and presenting their bristling points upon each angle of the wedge. In this manner he awaited the approach of the burghers of Liege, who, strong in numbers and determination, with their neighboring allies, full thirty thousand men, were now advancing from the barriers of St. Tron.

The sun was just breaking through the moving mists that hung above the swampy fields, when the van of the insurgents met in rapid skirmishes with the advanced posts of the Burgundian army. Shortly afterwards, the main body attacked the Duke's camp, and the conflict soon became general. Spite of their entrenched position, and the superiority of their armor, the soldiers of Charles recoiled from the first assault of the rebel forces. Advancing in solid columns and bearing pikes which in length exceeded even those of the Italian mercenaries whom Charles relied on to repel them, the Liegois tradesmen soon broke the outer line and disordered the ranks of their opponents. Then, shouting their city war-cry, the burgher-soldiers, still in solid columns, moved upon the flanks of the enemy, in order to possess themselves at once of the Burgundian artillery.

Charles le Temeraire saw from an eminence, where, surrounded by his knights, he sat in his saddle, that his lines of Italian pikemen were mingled with the columns of Liegois, and that his archers behind, engaged hand to hand in the contest, were unable to draw their bows. Another instant, and the panic, he saw, would communicate itself to his main body. Already the flanks, where were stationed his men-at-arms from Holland, wavered before the steady pressure of the burgher columns, and might presently give way. Then Charles raised his sword above his helmet, and calling quickly to his Franche Compté knights to follow, rode amain into the struggling mass of mingled combatants. It was full time; for the leader of the rebels, a stalwart citizen, who bore himself with knightly presence, had already forced his way beyond the Holland men-at-arms, and was opening a passage to the artillery itself.

But the sight of Charles and his household knights, riding like an avalanche from the hill which they had occupied, and followed by a thousand men-at-arms, with trumpets sounding and banners displayed, had the effect of at once checking the forward movement of the Liegois. Accustomed to regard the iron-clad nobles as well nigh invincible, and startled suddenly by the Duke's banner-shout, the men of Liege recoiled an instant, and in that space lost the battle.

"St. Andrew for Burgundy!" cried the trumpet-tongue of the Duke, as he swept downward; and the war-cry was caught up by all his followers. At the same time, the columns which had been wholly concealed in the forest aisles, began to debouch, dispersed for a period, formed in line, and discharged their clouds of arrows on the insurgents, and the culverins that had been so nearly captured, belched out numberless missiles into the close ranks before them. The Liegois, amazed at the counter-movement of their foes, lost for the first time their compact order, and began to look about them as if meditating retreat; but the voice of their leader rallied them.

"On, men of Liege!" cried the brave burgher, waving a huge mace which he carried; "on, and let nobles know that citizens dare to meet them!" Saying this, he struck his rowels in his horse's flanks, and opening a new gap among the Hollanders by a sweep of his heavy mace, plunged forward to meet the Duke himself. The Liegois, with a loud shout, crowded into the lane he had made. Charles of Burgundy beheld the insurgent leader riding down upon him, with his great mace uplifted, and spurring his steed, advanced to meet him. The Sieur de Coutay, at the same instant, caught up the battle-axe which hung at his saddle, and urged his horse to the Duke's side.

"Stain not your royal hands with the tradesman's blood!" cried De Coutay, "let me strike him from the saddle with my curtle-axe."

"Hah! he bears himself like a knight, my lord of Coutay! Look! how his club breaks down a rank of men! By'r lady! and he likes, I will engage him."

And Charles of Burgundy, yielding to an impulse of chivalry, caused his steed to bound forward, and caught a blow of the citizen-leader's mace upon his sword, which shivered to pieces with the concussion.

The Sieur de Coutay swung his giant axe, and cast himself before Charles, now threatened by the insurgent, but as he did so, the whizz of a bow-string struck his ear, and in another instant the brave burgher-chief sank back from his saddle, struck in the breast by an arbalist bolt, discharged by an archer behind the Duke.

"Men of Liege! avenge me!" were the last words of the citizen, as he fell from his steed, still clutching the mace. But the men of Liege, affrighted at the spectacle, had no further heart to contend against the Duke's troops. They gave way at once before the charge which followed the death of their leader, and presently were in utter confusion. The remainder of the battle was but a rout: for the fugitive Liegois, scattering in all directions, took refuge in the swamps around St. Tron, and there secreted themselves, till, under cover of night, they could betake themselves to the town, from which in the morning they had marched forth, confident of victory. Charles of Burgundy remained on the field of battle, disposing his forces, and arranging for a march upon Liege, which took place the following morning; the Duke pitching his tent on the banks of the Meuse, while the camp was spread upon the steep hills that commanded the rebellious city. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1857.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"The Old Bachelor's Dream," "Summer Morning."

Inquirer. We should have to see the entire MS to judge.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The notes of all solvent banks will be taken in payment of subscriptions to THE POST—although, of course, we *prefer* gold or silver.

Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting anything under a five dollar note to remit, should bear in mind that we send the paper three years for five dollars. All should also remember that in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an old and firmly established paper like THE POST, which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely affects, than to papers of a more transient and less reliable character.

THE CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

The news from England of the suspension of that clause of the Charter of the Bank, which restricts the issue of notes within certain limits—and of the immediate relief experienced by the mercantile community therefrom — will doubtless be deeply pondered by all thinking men who are interested in the important subject of the Currency. In reading the letter of the Prime Minister to the "Governors of the Bank," we are not able to perceive any recommendation of an issue of one pound notes, such as is reported in the summary of the news by the telegraph. We should judge, from the language used, that the extra issues are to be of the legal denominations.

The Government, as it would appear, has no absolute power to *authorize* such a departure from the Law, but simply *recommends* it, and says it "will be prepared to propose to Parliament at its meeting a bill of indemnity." And Parliament, as a consequence, is to be speedily called together, in order that it may sanction or condemn the course recommended.

It would appear that the Bank of England is forbidden by its charter to issue notes beyond the sum of about fourteen millions of pounds—unless it has a pound in coin or bullion for every pound issued above that amount. That fourteen million is issued on its capital, which is invested in government bonds—and thus the notes of the Bank are secured by bonds, somewhat on the principle adopted in New York and other States. Judging by the last statement of the Bank's affairs, it would appear that Colonel Benton is mistaken in supposing that the charter of the Bank requires it to possess an amount of gold and silver equal to one-third, not only of its circulation, but of its combined circulation and deposits. We quote the respective statements of the Issue and the Banking departments of the Bank—which departments are kept separate—on Nov. 4th, as follows:

Notes issued,	£22,422,000	Govern't Debt,	£11,015,100
		Other Securities,	3,439,000
		Gold Coin and Bullion,	7,967,900
Total,	£22,422,000	Total,	£22,422,000

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' Cap.	£11,553,000	Government Securities,	£10,120,101
Rest,	3,266,579	Other Securities,	22,628,251
Public Deposits,	4,871,514	Notes unemployed,	2,155,315
Other Deposits,	11,910,670	Gold and Silver Coin,	550,720
Seven Day and other Bills,	913,197		
Total,	£35,454,360	Total,	£35,454,390

It will be noticed from the above, that the amount of gold and silver was only about one-third the circulation of the Bank. The combined circulation and deposits amounted to nearly £40,000,000—while the gold and silver only amounted to about £8,500,000: being almost five pounds of immediate liabilities to one pound of specie or bullion.

Now, it is very clear that, this being the state of affairs, the Bank of England *might* have been forced, in the course of a few days, into a suspension of specie payments. For, after it had redeemed £8,500,000 of its deposits and circulation, it would have had £31,500,000 still to redeem, and nothing in hand to do it with, save government stocks and the bills receivable of its customers: which it would not be able to turn into specie with sufficient rapidity to meet the demands upon it, even putting aside the great sacrifices it would be compelled to make in so doing, and the terrible blow it would thereby give to the interests of the Government itself, and of the whole community.

In this crisis, therefore, the Government steps in, as it did in a similar crisis ten years ago, and recommends the issue of notes to any *necessary* extent, in discount of bills receivable, at the stringent rate of ten per cent. per annum. By so doing, a suspension of specie payments is rendered impossible. For the notes of the Bank of England are a legal tender. So long as the Bank has notes on hand, no depositor can draw the specie from it, except at the good pleasure of the Bank itself. Neither do the great masses of the people want the specie, for they can pay their debts to the government and each other just as well with the notes of the Bank. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the moment the government, in obedience to the popular demand, advised the Bank to disregard the restrictions of its charter, the stringency in the money market should begin to subside.

At the approaching meeting of Parliament, it is stated that the restrictive clauses in the charter of the Bank, originated by Sir Robert Peel, will be fiercely assailed. It is somewhat curious, though very easily understood upon a little reflection, that while the financial crisis in this country has created a strong popular sentiment in opposition to paper money, in England a similar crisis seems to have produced a diametrically opposite effect. Here, the cry is to restrict the banks, and increase the proportion of specie in circulation—there, the cry is, remove the restrictions which now *hamper* the banks, and give us one pound notes again.

We say the reason of these conflicting cries is easily perceivable. Both countries must lay the blame of the "hard-times" somewhere—and both naturally blame their existing banking system. In England they think the drain of coin would not have injured them, had they not depended so much upon coin—and they therefore cry:—"Give us a currency that foreign nations will not be trying to drain from us continually; give us one-pound (five dollar) notes of the Bank of England." In the United States, we cry:—"Shut up those rag-mills, they are the cause of all our woes; and give us the English system, with no notes under twenty-five dollars." This is an amusing and inconsistent world truly, to those who can see beyond the tips of their noses.

For proof of what we say as to the feeling in England, read the following from a late number of the *London Times*:—

We may certainly prepare ourselves for a violent attack on the English monetary system as established by the Bank Act of 1844. All the theorists of all the schools of currency will be ready to pounce on what seems the carcass of a dead law. And, indeed, they will have much that is plausible and not a little that is true on their side. The law is a fair weather law—a law for times of steady trading and easy credit; its provisions are like the pasteboard defences of the Chinese—strong to look at, painted with heavy masses of stone and guns of enormous power, but in reality a weakness and a sham. Such will be the reasoning of the partisans of inconvertible paper or uncontrolled banks.

The defenders of the existing system will, on the other hand, have to face the fact that the Act has been twice suspended in two successive panics. What better proof, it would seem, that the law does not provide for that very condition of things in expectation of which it was framed? At this moment, when the pressure seems about to cease, when the Indian mutiny is broken and the American disasters are drawing to a close, we have the act which has been so often debated, so skillfully defended, so unhesitatingly supported by commercial men of all parties, which committees have declared perfect and the House of Commons sanctioned again and again, now for the second time set aside by the Government at the earnest supplication of the business community.

The *Times* then proceeds to defend the present restrictions in the charter, and says that "it has not the slightest doubt of their retention." In this, we think it shows sound judgment. We think our English friends would do best to keep the charter of their Bank as it is—but entrust to their government the power of authorizing the suspension of the restricting clauses in great emergencies; being responsible, of course, to Parliament, for the use they make of that power. Thus Credit would be restricted in "good times;" and when hard-times really came, notwithstanding the restrictions, the Bank, supported by the Government, would have power by an extra issue of paper to refill the depleted veins of Commerce and Industry. With nations as with individuals, there should always be a latent power residing somewhere, to meet and overcome any unusual difficulty or disaster.

The study of the various theories of banking, is greatly facilitated by facts now transpiring around us, at home and abroad. Every one should be careful to bring to that study, however, as far as possible, an unprejudiced mind. Let all remember that the truth does not generally lie on the surface of things; but, as the old proverb has it, "in a well." Thus, it was very natural for men to suppose, in old times, that the earth was stationary, and that the sun revolved daily around it. Adam and his sons, doubtless thought this was as clear and self-evident as noonday—and that none but a fool would deny it. And yet the real truth is very different from the apparent one. So it is as to many other things. We are taught in a thousand ways, not to content ourselves with a belief until we have pierced beyond the outside veil, into its very heart and marrow. Truth is the reward of diligent and careful seeking. And just in proportion as men base their opinions and institutions on the really True, and not merely on the Apparent and Plausible, will they find them built upon everlasting rock.

HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.

A good deal of interest has lately been excited in this city, in relation to the very important subject of the cost of living. The *Public Ledger*, a daily paper which has a very extensive circulation among all classes of our citizens, and may be considered *the* paper of the poorer classes, has contained a number of articles bearing upon the question, which prove the very great difference that exists in the mode of living of different people. A writer over the signature of "Economy," having stated the cost of his living at a very small sum, was immediately assailed by others, who doubted the possibility of living comfortably upon the amount mentioned. The result of the discussion thus far may be summed up in the following examples of the cost of living:—

Here is the living of one who signs himself a "Boss Mechanic," his family consisting of himself, wife, three children, and a dog:—

Now for our Saturday's marketing, and I am sure that every one will agree with me—it is a very modest outlay:

Beefsteak for Saturday morning's breakfast,			37
Turkey, small size, Sunday's dinner,			1,12
Calf's head, for pepper-pot soup,			35
Knuckle of Veal,	"	"	37
Veal Cutlets,	50	½ lbs. Hog's head Cheese,	15
Leg of Mutton,	75	2 lbs Lard,	30
Mutton Chops,	31	1 dozen Eggs,	22
Hickory Nuts,	16	½ peck Apples,	25
(This I know is a luxury might be dispensed with.)		Turnips,	6
		Herbs,	5
Basket Potatoes,	63		
3 lbs Butter at 31,	93	Total,	$6,94
2 lbs Sausages,	25		

This is as low, my wife says, as she can market, and she threatens to sue for a divorce if I ask her to do it for less. *Just such another stock has to be laid in on Wednesday morning.* Then add for bread, of which we consume, I suppose, three or four small loaves per day, and for groceries, tea, coffee, sugar, black pepper, salt, &c., not to speak of such necessaries as milk, molasses, &c., and I would ask where is the servant's wages to come out of Economy's $6,50. But, as I said before, I cannot believe it, unless he shows up.

"Boss Mechanic," it must be confessed, does not stint himself; but whether he is right or wrong in living thus freely, depends greatly upon his ability to do so. Certainly, however, he cannot hold up his household management to the world as an example of economy. Now for "Economy's" table, the particulars of which were not furnished at the time "Boss Mechanic" made his statement. "Economy's" family is the same size as "Boss Mechanic's."

Every one acquainted with housekeeping must know that the outlay for the first week must be the greatest, and to give the exact expenses for any one week would be an impossibility, as many of the provisions will run into the following week. Before giving the expenses, I would say that my family are not very hearty eaters, probably caused by sedentary habits, or an over indulgence in cakes and pastry, and I shall also mention that I give my wife enough money to last several weeks, so that she may buy by the quantity and to the best advantage:—

EXPENSES.

			For one Week
1 bbl. Vinegar, cost two years ago, $1,50, will last three years,			$0 00½
1 bbl. Flour, $7, will last four months, or			0 41
6 bush. Potatoes, at 56c., will last 7 months,			0 11
25 lbs Buckwheat Flour, cost 70c., will last 8 weeks,			0 09
1 lb. Black Tea, cost 60c., will last 8 weeks,			0 07½
½ peck Sweet Potatoes,			0 25
2 lbs Sausages, (one dinner,) with buckwheat cakes and coffee,			0 38
10½ lbs. Beef, standing rib, at 10½c., (3 dinners, 4 suppers and 3 breakfasts.)			1 05
1 pair Fowls, (2 dinners.)			0 62
1 Rabbit, (1 dinner.)			0 16
1 quart unmasked Hominy, for 4 dinners,			0 10
½ peck Apples, for sauce, (4 dinners.)			0 16
1 quart Cranberries, (3 dinners.)			0 07
Pepper and Salt, 2c.; 3 lbs. Lard, at 12½c.; 3 lbs. Butter, (to-day's price,) at 22c.; 2 lbs Sugar, at 10c.; 1 lb. Laguayra Coffee 18c.; Milk, 21c.; 1½ doz. Eggs, at 18c.,			2 37½
Soda and Cream Tartar, for cakes, 20c.; 10 quarts Plums and Sugar, for Preserves and Pies, $2,36; cost to make 12 lbs. Mincemeat, 97c.; 1 peck Grapes (own raising,) and Sugar, 1 basket Peaches and Sugar, 81; 1 basket Tomatoes, for catsup, 25c.; 1 bottle Worcester Sauce, 62½c.; making $7,71, which will last, to use more or less a week, 12 months, or for a week,			0 13½

There is now allowed enough flour, sugar, &c., to make dessert for each dinner, and enough of other articles for breakfast and supper, the whole amounting to $3 92

The above exceeds my actual table expenses 67 cents; but, as said above, it is impossible to get at the actual outlay for any one week. I am myself surprised at some of the articles, particularly the flour; but my flour dealer tells me that a barrel lasts us about four months; and in purchasing we do not confine ourselves to the above bill, for if we find beef dear, poultry may be cheap, or if both are high, we may find veal, spare-ribs, mutton, or fish, low, and the same with vegetables. Should there be any danger in beef keeping, there is no trouble in corning it.

If "Economy" has the same income as "Boss Mechanic," his chances of becoming independent in his circumstances are evidently much greater. But here is another statement, which bears on its face the evidence of reliability:—

I am a hard-working man, with a wife and young child, and earn $6 a week the year round, having, thank God, a steady job. We eat three meals a day, Sunday excepted, when we have only two, through the winter season, as the days are so short, it keeps a woman constantly cooking and washing dishes, and she has as much right to have a little rest on Sunday as her husband.

The following schedule exhibits what I buy each and every week, for I live by rule, as every poor man should:—

	Cts.		Cts.
10 lbs. Flour,	40	A large Shoulder of Mutton, which makes 3 dinners,	30
2 " Indian Meal,	5	1½ lbs. of Liver,	9
1 " Butter,	20	Mackerel,	10
1 " Rice,	6	2 cts. for Milk a day,	14
1½ " Sugar,	14	1 pint Molasses,	9
Tea,	5	Rent of my room per week,	75
1 lb. Sausages,	12	Average cost of Coal, per week, is about,	46
1 " Soap,	6		
½ " Candles,	8		$3 56
½ " Lard,	8		
½ peck White Potatoes,	16		
½ " Sweet "	8		
2 Butcher's Puddings,	5		

Which, Mr. Editor, I think is as cheap as any white man can live in this city. We always have plenty and live comfortably; but here allow me to say a word in explanation—we are moderate eaters, and have no company to visit us and help us eat our mite, but stay at home and mind our own affairs. It don't suit a poor man to ape the manners of the wealthy.

COMFORT.

This writer signs himself "*Comfort*,"—evidently implying that he is well satisfied with his lot—wife, child and six dollars steady wages. We wish "Comfort" a speedy advancement in his fortunes—believing that as he is careful of the little, he will be a good ruler over more. Here is another statement of a similar character:

I here add my mite to show what can be purchased with $5—a sum even in the high price times I seldom expend for a family of *five persons*, for a week's living, my husband and self and three children, with full-grown appetites, and yet we have plenty and to spare.

			For one Week
6 lbs flour at 3½ cents,	56 cents.		
½ pecks potatoes,	36 "		
3 lbs sugar,	23 "		
1 lb. butter,	30 "		
½ lb. do	12 "		
½ lb. coffee,	9 "	Tea, 12c.	
1 lb. lard,	18 "		
1 lb sausages,	12 "		
1 qt. beans, celery and turnips,	16 "		
1 qt cranberries and sugar, to cook,	20 "		
1 doz. eggs, 20; milk, 1 pint per day,	24 "	Eggs, 20c.	
Spices, pickles, &c.,	12 "		
Washing averages per week,	50 "	— 3 10	
Total,			$3 83

Leaving $1,50 for meats, &c. Ten pounds of good mutton can be bought for 70 to 80 cents, and good beef for $1 for ten pounds. Now, if a wife cannot provide for her family of five out of this a good dinner every day, with something for dessert, give them good home-made bread and a relish for breakfast and tea, she does not deserve the name of housekeeper. I change many little articles from week to week, which gives a pleasing variety and insures good health. I keep no servants, as they are too expensive for a family of limited means. A HOUSEWIFE.

And here is "F," who rather caps the climax. "F" has brought down his living, we should think, pretty near the lowest practicable level:

I will give you my experience, practically applied, of economical living. The family consists of a gentleman and three hearty-eating, strong, healthy looking women—girl, ten years of age, healthy, hearty eater, and himself a great walker, and also healthy.

FOR BREAKFAST.

1½ lbs. buckwheat flour gives 4 cakes to the girl, 5 to each woman and 6 to the gent,	4½c.
½ pint molasses,	3
	7½

For supper the same, 7½

SOUP FOR DINNER.

1 lb. beef,	8c.
½ peck potatoes,	4
½ peck turnips,	4
½ lb. rice, with 1 gallon water,	2—18
Per day,	33
Per week,	$2 31

I give you this to show what can be and *is* done in the way of economical living. F.

We have long been aware that the sum upon which a family could live, eating sufficient for health and strength, is a very small one. Thus the laborers in the North of England and in Scotland, live almost entirely upon oatmeal-gruel and oatmeal-cakes; eating meat not oftener than once a week, if that often. Yet they are a stout, ruddy, and healthy people. The people of Ireland manage to keep up a full supply of strength and vigor on potatoes and milk—"barring the milk" not seldom. The Hindoos wax strong and vigorous in body—though not at all equal in spirit to their English masters—on rice alone. Now the cost of the three articles mentioned,—oatmeal, potatoes (in Ireland,) and rice is very small. The laboring classes of France and Germany afford additional instances of the small amount of money upon which a family can live, and keep their health and strength.

These examples show what we Americans could do, if we chose. Of course, very few of us would do it of preference. But if any man thinks the accumulation of an independence a matter worthy a long course of self-denial, it is well for such a man to know that independence is generally within his grasp. The great majority of families who are now in good circumstances, are probably thus situated as the result of more or less self-denial in food and clothing. It may not always be the present head of the family who has thus economized; it may have been his father, or his grandfather: but, we are inclined to think, in the great majority of cases, the self-denial has been there, in a former, if not in the present, generation.

TALLENGETTA; OR, THE SQUATTER'S HOME.—Our readers will remember this novelet of Mr. Howitt's, with the publication of which we opened the present year. It has since been published in book form, in London; and we notice in a recent number of the *Home Journal* a criticism about two columns long, commending upon it in very favorable terms, and containing a number of selections from it. Mr. Charles Reade the author of "Never too Late to Mend," quoted as acknowledging his obligations to Mr. Howitt in the following words:—"To me describing Hyde Park, and calling it Australia, read some thirty books about that country, but yours I found infinitely the best."

"MARRIAGE, not mirage, Jane, here in your letter, With your education, you surely know better." Quickly spake my young wife, while I sat in confusion—"'Tis quite correct, Thomas, they're each an illusion."

☞ More tender and more blessed is often the brooding influence of the sacred dead than the words of the living.

☞ Many of the brightest virtues are stars—there must be night, or they cannot shine. Without suffering there could be no fortitude, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy.

☞ Two weasels found an egg. "Let us fight for it," said the elder weasel, "but enter partnership." "Very good," said weasel the younger. So taking the egg between them, it sucks an end. "My children," said Reltapes the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

☞ A beautiful inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian graveyard: "Here lies Etella, who transported a large fortune to Heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

☞ GROCER—"Well, Augustus, you have been apprenticed now three months, and has seen the several departments of our trade; I wish to give you a choice of occupation." *Apprentice*—"Thank'ee, sir." *Grocer*—"Well now, what part of the business do you like best?" *Aug.*—(with a sharpness beyond his years)—"Shuttin' up, sir!"

☞ Convulsions, by the very fact of violence, show that they are short-lived.

☞ Little-minded people's thoughts move such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve.

☞ We find a delight in the beauty and happiness of children, that makes the heart too big for the body.

☞ Talleyrand, during the revolution, when asked by a lady his opinion of her dress, replied, "It began too late and ended too soon."

☞ An Irish woman who had been convicted of illegally selling spirits, on receiving sentence, fervently clasped her hands and pray'd that "his Honor might never live to see his wife a poor widow, and obliged to sell rum to support the childer."

☞ Great characters are not made by living on carpets.

☞ The expression, "nightmare," is, Wm. Temple says, from Mara, in old Runic who was a goblin said to seize upon sleepers, and take from them sense and motion

New Publications.

THE HISTORY OF PETER THE GREAT: A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE; GEORGE READY, OR HOW TO LIVE FOR OTHERS; and CHILDRENS' HOLIDAYS, A STORY BOOK FOR THE WHOLE YEAR (D. Appleton & Co., New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) are nicely written children's books, suitable for Christmas or New Year presents.

ESSAYS FROM THE LONDON TIMES (D. Appleton & Co., New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) is a volume of powerful articles selected from the columns of that celebrated journal. Among them is the story of Lord Nelson's Lady Hamilton, an article remarkable for a pathos entirely effected by a terse and simple narration of facts. The articles on Southey and Dean Swift are also masterpieces of clear and strong statement, and judicious grouping of particulars.

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND AND THEIR TIMES, FROM MATILDA, QUEEN OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, TO ADELAIDE, QUEEN OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH, by FRANCIS LANCELOTT, Esq., (D. Appleton & Co., New York: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is the story, in two solid volumes, of the sayings and doings of the royal ladies under notice, interwoven with various contemporary anecdotes and details connected with the British court and people at various epochs. Numerous portraits of apparent authenticity, embellish its pages. The author appears to be a fair man, unbiased by partisan prejudices, and careful only to set a plain tale plainly down.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for November, and the Edinburgh Review for October may be had of Mr. W. B. Zieber, Philada. The latter in a note, withdraws the allegation formerly preferred in a blundering article, against Mr. Dickens, relative to the origin of the catastrophe of the falling house in "Little Dorrit." The *amende* honorable is rather tardily made—made, too, it would seem, rather grudgingly, and only after the reviewer's unwillingness to atone for his error, had been stingingly commented on by several of the English journals. Better late than never, though.

RECORDS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, by W. T. R. SAFFELL. (Pudney & Russell, New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) is mainly intended as a book of reference for persons claiming land or pensions for services rendered by their ancestors in the Revolution. It contains the military and financial correspondence of various officers, the names of officers and privates, a list of distinguished prisoners, the half-pay acts, the pension laws, and other matter of interest and value.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for December, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) contains articles by Prescott, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Ruffini, Miss Terry, and other well-known writers.

A SYSTEM OF PRACTICAL PENMANSHIP, by WILLIAM B. OWEN, (Appleton, New York: Lippincott, Philada.,) is a text book adapted to the use of pupils.

SPURGEON'S FAST-DAY SERMON, (Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) is the famous sermon preached to an audience of twenty-four thousand, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England, in aid of the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the revolt in India.

STORIES FROM BLACKWOOD, (D. Appleton & Co., New York: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) is the title of a volume of tales from Blackwood's Magazine, three or four of which are very powerfully conceived and executed.

A DOLLAR AND A QUARTER A WEEK.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—It is gratifying to our feelings as housekeepers, painfully aware of the prices of beef and mutton, cooks and nurses, to hear that in the matter of wages the time for a reduction has arrived.

One symptom of the temporary insanity, prevalent among a certain well-known class of rich people of late, has exhibited itself in a tendency to raise the wages of servants, much to the discomfiture of the greater portion of the community. Many of these rich people, after making a great dash upon other people's money, have at last found their level. The evils they have introduced into society must gradually find their level, too. The evil we mention has been a great one. By attaching a fictitious value to the article they have injured its character. Instead of steady, orderly servants knowing their place and willing to work, housekeepers in moderate circumstances have of late had their tempers tried by a set of idle, worthless ones, clamorous for high wages, even when most incompetent. Biddy, who has just landed, and cannot tell one street from another, and a dusting brush from a soup-tureen, expects *at least* a dollar and a half a week, because her sister receives that or probably more at Mrs. Somebody's. In consequence of this, gold ear-rings are a necessary of life to Biddy after a few weeks' sojourn at a place. We do not exactly see that a silk-dress and a parasol are indispensable for her, nor a net veil and cream colored gaiter boots; but we provide her with them, though probably before her expatriation, she worked in the fields or the bogs, bareheaded and barefooted in all weathers.

Does not all this show that we pay these people, and have for some time been paying them, at much too high a rate? Hundreds of them are now out of place. The keeper of one intelligence office had last week fifty applications in one morning for places, and *not one* place to send them to. It is said that some have offered their services for fifty cents a week, others for a home during the winter. However this last may be, one thing is certain, that the wheel is turning round, that *employers* may regain their ascendant: and that there is every prospect of our being once again served at what is certainly very sufficient remuneration for domestics, considering the high rates of living, the prices of gas, coal, &c., namely, "a dollar and a quarter a week." RETRENCHMENT.

☞ A piano has been brought forward, at Dresden, which will supersede the assistance of sixty vocalists and instruments. It is most tuneful.

☞ The business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour, more than a day's fasting would do.—*Holmes*

THE STEAM BAKERY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Editors:—When are we to have the long talked of steam bakery?

What sort of bread will it make? will there be alum in it? will there be dyspepsin in it?

Will it be generally sour when stale?

Will it be of that singular red color outside?

Will there be little rolls invisible to the naked eye?

Will the bread assume any new forms, or must we still be content, or rather *not* content, with the inevitable box loaves, the insipid twists, with crust like paper? Will it be taken about the streets, in painted carts, upsetting and running over children, and terrifying grown people by the frightful speed with which they rush round corners, especially on Saturday afternoon? Will the persons employed in the sale and distribution thereof be subject to fits of indignant sullenness? so that if you take their bread on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday on trial, and omit doing so on Thursday, because you have some other bread on trial, it will be totally impossible for you to obtain a loaf of it on Friday or Saturday on any terms?

If not, if there are to be changes for the better in all these things, the sooner we have redress and the steam bakery the better, and may we not have long to wait for it. HOUSEKEEPER.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

Mr. Editor: In the Post of November 14, I notice an article under the caption "Women for the West." You have, I believe, more than once, of late, referred to this subject. And I have been hoping some of your Western contributors would cast a few rays of light amid the darkness that appears to enshroud this matter toward sunrise, and counteract such influence as the *Cincinnati Times* and kindred sheets are exerting. Whatever may be the true state of the case in our large cities, I speak what I know, when I say that the article in the *Times* egregiously errs, if it refers to the rural districts. City Editors, (except yours,) and city people are too apt to conclude that their city lines constitute the world's boundaries. It's a mistake: there's quite a scope of country, and quite a *whack* of people (as my Irish aunt says) outside,—people who require "help" both in and out-doors.

Identified as I am with the West, I know both from experience and observation the truth of your remark, that "there is a pressing demand for female labor," and that in our villages, and on our farms, hundreds of girls could find yearly employment at wages from 75 cts. to $1,50 per week and boarding. Nor will we be very choice as to the size of their hoops, or the cost of their clothing, provided always they obtain them honestly. None of our "dear Kates" (see Millinery for the Million) will mar the enjoyment of our quiet tea-drinkings by their complaints against "Caroline" and her hoops, nor be goaded to desperation by the prospect of being "outshined," or looked upon as a "provincial dowdy."

I suppose you have different classes of "help" to be provided for: one class that would "prefer the risk of starvation to a country home,"—"the ease of a city home where everything is so convenient," society, silks, satins, sodas, &c., to a little hard work. The other class is not afraid of a little hard work. The former we don't want at all. Our wives will prefer bending over the wash-tub and dough-tray by the year: but to the latter we will extend a cordial welcome. Nor is there much "hard work" to be done. Especially is this true of our villages and towns: and attention to the dairy is the only additional labor about our farm-houses. Surely if the mother of a family of small children can cook, bake, wash, sew, and take care of her children, a stout, hearty girl need not complain at sharing the labor. If I could be assured of a good girl, and her continuance with me, I would pay her expenses from New York, give her $50 or more per annum, and a liberal education.

Elizaville, Ind. INDIANA.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD BOOTS.—The New York *Shoe and Leather Reporter* contains the following solution of the great mystery—where the old boots go to:

"Since the rise of leather there has been a greatly increased demand through the country for old boot-legs: and mysterious pedlars of an antiquarian cast of countenance, have cleared out all the garrets of New Jersey, to the extreme wonder and delight of the unsophisticated natives. For the last six months, the importations of old leather by the Jersey City ferry-boat have been positively immense, and we recommend to the early attention of the collector those untaxed arrivals of dutiable merchandise from a foreign port. Now boots which are considered old in Jersey would be regarded as miracles of age in any other country, and the specimens of legs which these travelling antiquarians bring to the Bowery for sale are so impregnated with red clay, and so utterly destitute of back-bone, that the severest Spartans could not hesitate to acknowledge that they had 'outlived their usefulness.' Nevertheless these legs are taken in quantities from retail shops by the shoemakers of Mulberry street and vicinity, and after being submitted to certain revivifying currying processes, are manufactured and returned in the shape of 'Oakford ties.' We examined a few of these shoes in the hands of the operator, and found them a neat and serviceable looking article."

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.—A correspondent of the Portsmouth Journal, writing about Greenwood Cemetery, says that what was originally rather a poetical idea, has been so extensively copied in that resting-place of the dead that it has become a decided nuisance. Some one threw a rattle or some other plaything upon a child's grave, and the action being a fanciful one the story got into the newspapers. Since then all sorts of absurd playthings are scattered upon the graves, and on some of them are two-story glass baby-houses, filled with a general assortment of the most ludicrous articles to be found at a toy shop! The kneeling and winged figures among the graves are objectionable. Being merely plaster casts, they become weather-stained and crumble to fragments by piece-meal, losing their legs, arms, wings, &c., one after another, until they become hideous to the sight. Some of the angels, with their eyes knocked out, look as if they had been engaged in personal encounters with each other.

☞ Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A BATCH OF NEW INVENTIONS—A SOCIETY THAT MAY BE USEFUL.—KITCHEN PHYSIC.

Paris, November 13, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Winter seems to have come upon us at last, in earnest. Since yesterday a stiff northern blast is blowing, and though the sun is shining brightly, the temperature is so low that rain, if the gods should try to give us any, would infallibly reach us in the shape of snow.

The telegraph has just informed us of the death of the Duchess de Nemours, the handsomest of Louis Philippe's many daughters-in-law; an event which will doubtless cause much sorrow to the numerous band of brothers and sisters to which she belonged, so remarkable for the affection and good understanding that always prevailed among its members. The Prince de Joinville had a very narrow escape about a week ago. He was ascending Mount Vesuvius—which has been in a state of chronic eruption for the last two months—when several shocks of earthquake were felt, and an enormous mass of molten substance was vomited forth by the crater, rising to a great height in the air, where it burst, falling in a shower of burning sparks that fell over a wide extent about the volcano. Three of the Prince's guides were killed at his side by these red hot drops of lava.

The Court is still at Compiegne: and not an atom of news is stirring. The frightful monetary catastrophe in the United States, and its consequences in Great Britain, have created a tremendous alarm in France; and the papers have been flooded with disquisitions on the subject, projects for aiding the commercial world by governmental measures, and rumors on the subject of the intentions of "the powers that be" in view of the present crisis. The Emperor has therefore come out with a letter to the Minister of Finance, in which he desires that functionary to inform the world that "there is not the slightest danger of financial trouble in France, the financial operations of the country being placed upon a basis so wide and so solid as to stand out in brilliant contrast with the monetary system of every other country in Europe; that the government has no sort of intention of interfering in any way with the ordinary course of affairs, and that all apprehension of a crisis here is unfounded and idle." What effect this manifesto may have on the public anxiety remains to be seen.

But if cash threatens to run short, the projects of ingenious inventors are as far-reaching as ever.

A member of the *Académie des Sciences*, who is also an eminent chemist, has invented an apparatus which he thinks will enable human beings to breathe as freely at the bottom of the sea as on the surface of the earth. He proposes to form an association for collecting all the treasures now lying at the bottom of the sea, and estimates at about eight hundred millions sterling the booty to be gleaned between England and India only. But this is not all: our Academico-chemical friend considers that we may now dispute their ancient domain with all the monsters of the deep, and proposes to destroy them; after which we are to cover the bed of the ocean with houses and pleasure-grounds that will offer a charming retreat from the heats of summer, and from the chills and fogs of northern winters. All the details of his plans are ready, and the conquest of the domain, which he designates as "The Third World," is only waiting for the trifling advance of some $100,000, needed for the construction of the new "Respirators."

While the Ramsgates and Margates, the Boulognes, Dieppes and Etretats of Dry Land are thus threatened with a dangerous competition, on the part of the Lower Regions, hitherto tenanted only by fishes, syrens and mermen, another inventor is equally sanguine of having overcome the difficulties that have hitherto stood in the way of aerial-locomotion. So sure is this inventor of having discovered the means of directing the balloon, that he proposes to establish not only a line of aerial omnibuses for the different quarters of Paris, but a grand system of air-carriages, starting from this city, and conveying thousands of intrepid travellers to the remotest corners of the earth, across the cerulean plains above our heads. As he has not yet been able to get up the subscription of $20,000, necessary for the establishment of his air-way, he considers himself as the victim of the various railway companies, whose dividends would be seriously endangered by the success of his undertaking.

Nor is this all. An ingenious mechanic has conceived the idea of imitating, on a larger scale, the labors of the Dutch engineers, who have been busy for the last four or five years pumping up the waters of Haarlem Lake. He proposes to drive out the waters of the North Sea in a similar manner, and thus to enrich his company and the world with a vast accession of *terra firma*, that may either serve to make a new kingdom, or be cut up into lots, and sold, retail, to private purchasers. His plans are all drawn up, his engineers ready; nothing is wanting to the happy commencement of the enterprise but the sum of £10,000,000, which he has not yet succeeded in raising, but which is, unfortunately, necessary to the carrying out of his plans.

Another project, but of a less ambitious description, is that of a Paris architect who wants to build, in the Champs Elysées, a vast theatre capable of holding one hundred thousand spectators; the performances on this new stage to consist of pantomime on a gigantic scale, accompanied by the music of steam-organs, mechanical trumpets, and discharges of cannon for the deepest notes of the orchestra.

While these victims of the neglect and jealousy of the world are wearing out their hearts in vain attempts to get themselves listened to, a society has just been founded here for looking after all the new projects, innovations, improvements, &c., to which the Academy is so apt to turn a cold shoulder, even in case of new ideas of a more reasonable description than those alluded to above, and destined to take their place among the grand metamorphosing agents which so enlarge successively the mental and physical horizons of human life. Of this "Association for General Progress," which is said to number over 40 physicians, and a great number of mathematicians, and learned men of all categories, I may have something more to say in a future letter. For to-day I need all the space accorded to me in your columns for an account of a novel treatment of a not uncommon malady, accomplished, a generation ago, by one who had never taken his degree as Doctor of Medicine, and by means not set down in any of the books on "Domestic Medicine," in which it might very appropriately find a place.

KITCHEN PHYSIC.

Towards the end of the month of September, 1835, an elderly man, whose walk and manner retained much of the activity of earlier days, might have been seen, about seven o'clock in the morning, making his way across the Pont Neuf, in Paris, through the foggy atmosphere, and betaking himself, by the rue Dauphine, and the Quai des Grands-Augustins, in the direction of the well known edifice, with its three long parallel galleries, which serves as a market for the sale of game and poultry.

Though the morning was raw and chilly, he wore neither cloak nor overcoat; but appeared rather as though he might have just quitted some evening party. He was tall, his back slightly rounded by the weight of his sixty years; his costume was partly that of an *habitué* of the court, partly that of an officer in the army. His linen was remarkably fine and white, and displayed a profusion of costly lace; his cravat was of satin, and the rest of his dress of black kerseymere. It was evident that this early visitant of the poultry-market was no vulgar customer: his small black eyes were exceedingly bright: his lips, though somewhat sensual in expression, would have revealed to a disciple of Lavater a nature both generous and subtle; and his gait and manner were at once those of a man of rank, and of a man of the world. No sooner had he entered the poultry-market than a chorus of welcomes and questions saluted his appearance.

"Monsieur le Marquis!" cried one of the market-women.

"What does Monsieur le Marquis desire this morning?" demanded a second.

"If Monsieur le Marquis will give himself the trouble to come this way, I have something that I think will please him?" cried a third.

It was evident that the stranger to whom these remarks were addressed could be no other than one of the gastronomic celebrities of the day: the Marquis de Cussy, formerly Chief Purveyor to the Emperor Napoleon, and one of the most illustrious gourmands of the nineteenth century. Witty, skeptical, as men of his temperament are apt to be, he was capable of doing a kindness when occasion presented.

He had refused all the overtures made to him by those of his friends who had come into place on the Restoration; but resumed his place at the Tuileries after the 20th of March. When the news of the defeat of Waterloo reached him, he exclaimed, in bitterness of soul,

"*Allons!* my saucepans are again overwhelmed!"

The following year, however, a friend obtained for the ex-Purveyor a sinecure of five thousand francs a year.

"It is quite enough," he remarked, "it will suffice to find me a crust of bread and a morsel of cheese!"

"Only one sentence worth listening to has been uttered in modern days," he was accustomed to say, "and that was the remark made by Henrion de Pansy: 'I shall believe in Progress when I see a cook amusing the members of the Institute.'"

The Marquis de Cussy lunched at noon, and dined at six o'clock. His table was open all the year round, to all who demanded his hospitality, and his conversation was as brilliant as his cheer. The fame of his skill and judgment in all matters connected with the table had spread far and wide; and he was overwhelmed with commissions by the most renowned establishments of France and England. In Paris, he was constantly being called upon to pronounce on the relative quality of rival culinary preparations; and his word was law in all the markets of the capital, to which he was accustomed to repair very early in the morning, alone, and on foot, as we have seen.

He was particularly fond of attacking the principles laid down by his rival in gastronomic renown, Brillat-Savarin, in his treatise on the *Physiology of Taste*. Thus, Brillat-Savarin says there ought to be twelve persons at table; the Marquis de Cussy replies:

"That is not the right number; the Salernian school, so wise on such subjects, inculcated the principle 'never be fewer than the Three Graces, never be more than the Nine Muses.' For my part, I say—'Be three, six, or nine at table.' He advised his disciples to drink but a few drops of wine at a time, and was fond of repeating that 'The true gourmand would never eat when not hungry.'"

Brillat-Savarin says that two dozen of oysters is the proper allowance for each guest; and that they should be opened and placed upon the table beforehand.

"Professor!" would retort the Marquis, "oysters opened beforehand, and perhaps even detached from the shell! why this is the very depth of barbarism, and I can only excuse you by remembering that you come from an inland department."

Brillat-Savarin advises the introduction of mirrors into the dining-room.

The Marquis insisted upon it that they were out of place in a refectory, and could only serve to distract the eyes and thoughts of the diners, which ought, on the contrary, to be concentrated on the dinner-table.

Such was the personage whom we have seen entering the poultry-market on the morning in question, with the air of a man who had some very important purchase to make, amidst a salvo of salutations and offers from the presiding genii of the place.

Having bestowed a bow on one of them, a smile on another, a friendly word on a third, and addressed a propitiatory wave of the hand to them all, the gastronomer betook himself to the gallery more especially consecrated to the sale of game.

"What is Monsieur le Marquis in want of this morning?" inquired in coaxing tones one of the syrens of the adjacent table, "is it a partridge? or a pair of quails?"

"Not exactly. I want something better yet!"

"A wood-cock, Monsieur le Marquis? or a string of snipes?"

"No, *mon enfant;* I want a golden pheasant; but a pheasant of the very best quality!"

Instantly, from stall to stall, these words were transmitted as though they had been a telegraphic despatch.

"*Eh, vous autres!* the best pheasant in the market for Monsieur de Cussy!"

Two minutes had scarcely elapsed before a superb bird, with glittering plumage, passed on from stall to stall from the farthest point of the market, and reached the pillar at whose base stood the former Purveyor.

"The very thing I wanted!" said the Marquis, after a rapid glance at the pheasant. Having wrapped his prize carefully in a newspaper, he took from his purse a piece of gold, paid for the pheasant, saluted the divinities of the market with a bow expressive of the utmost good-humor, and disappeared.

"And now let me hasten to the spot where I am so anxiously looked for!" he murmured, as he quitted the market.

As he disappeared, the saleswomen could not keep from sundry little conjectures, as to the destination of the pheasant. "Who can it be for?" said one. "Is it for the English Ambassador," said another. "Perhaps it is for the Baron de Rothschild!" suggested a third. "You look a long way off," interposed a fourth, "you forget that the Marquis, though not exactly a rich man, is still the most delicate eater in all Paris. The golden pheasant, take my word for it, is for no one but himself."

All these conjectures were equally wide of the mark. Had the market-women been able to follow the retreating figure of their customer, they would have seen him regain the line of the Pont-Neuf, and make his way, still on foot, along the rue Montorgeuil, to the other side of the Faubourg Poissonnière.

After walking for some time in this direction, he at length entered one of those narrow streets, empty and quiet, of the Faubourg Saint-Denis, which composes the quarter specially affected to those innumerable petty manufactures usually known as "Paris-articles," which constitute so important an item in the industry of the metropolis. Then, as now, this part of the town was densely peopled by the intelligent and industrious population which occupies a middle position between the mere workman and the artist: and these narrow streets made up a series of industrial hives, in which went on the labors of the carver, the lithographer, the gilder, the musical-instrument maker, and the manufacturer of every sort of ornamental object and fancy-work. Turning into the rue Martel, the Marquis entered a sordid-looking house, and demanded M. Simon Leblanc, the porcelain-painter.

"Fourth story, second door to the left," returned the *concierge*, without raising his eyes from the boot at which he was working.

"I know the room!" said the Marquis, in an undertone, as he climbed the dark and dirty stair-case, to the apartment of the porcelain-painter.

A week before, the Marquis had made his way up the dingy stairs for the first time; and since then he had climbed them regularly every day.

A certain prince, whose dominions, like those of so many others, border the Rhine, and who kept up a regular correspondence with the Marquis concerning all the details of his table, had lately besought him to take the field in his behalf, under a terrible domestic misfortune that had just overtaken him. The Rhenish highness possessed a very beautiful service of painted porcelain, two saucers of which had been broken by a lacquey during a grand gala-dinner, at which the beautiful service in question had done duty to the admiration of all beholders. The service was thus completely spoiled, and could not be used again, unless the two missing pieces could be replaced. In his missive, the German Prince entreated the Marquis to spare neither time, nor efforts, nor money, to get the two saucers perfectly matched.

The very day on which he had received the letter, the gastronomer set to work to gratify his princely correspondent, and addressed himself to all the porcelain-painters most in renown. But they were all fully occupied. At Sèvres the workmen were overwhelmed with orders for the Court; in all the private workshops the painters were so busy that they would pay no heed to the entreaties of the Marquis. He could hear but of one porcelain-painter, Simon Leblanc, the artizan, or rather, we might say, the *artist* of the rue Martel, through whom there was the slightest chance of obtaining the execution of the order.

"Very good, I will go to the rue Martel," said the rival of Brillat-Savarin.

But what came of this determination on the part of the illustrious gastronomer, must be reserved for my next letter. QUANTUM.

"Nations, like men, too oft are given to roam,
And seek abroad what they could find at home.
They send their armies out on ventures far;
Their halt is—havoc, and their journey—war:
Destruction's traders! who to start their trade,
Steal, for the bayonet, metal from the spade.
The interest's—blood; the capital is—life;
The debt is—vengeance; the instalment—strife;
The payments—death; and wounds are the receipt;
The markets—battle; and the whole—a chest."

—*Ernest Jones.*

☞ To my question how he could have mastered so many attainments, the old man replied that with his three teachers "everything might be learned, common sense alone excepted, the peculiar and rarest gift of Providence. These three teachers were Necessity, Habit, and Time. At starting in life Necessity told him if he hoped to live he must labor: Habit turned the labor into an indulgence: and Time gave every man an hour for everything, unless he chose to yawn it away."—*Salathiel.*

☞ As a soul in heaven may look back on earth, and smile at its past sorrows, so, even here, it may rise to a sphere where it may look down on the storm that once threatened to overwhelm it.

☞ That acknowledgment of weakness which we make in imploring to be relieved from hunger and from temptation, is surely wisely put in our daily prayer. Think of it, you who are rich, and take heed how you turn a beggar away.—*Thackeray.*

☞ People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism.—*O. W. Holmes.*

☞ Human wisdom has discovered nothing clearer than this—that in all the operations of trade above a primitive barter, you must have a standard or measure of values: and human ingenuity has never been able to devise any standard more perfect, in essential respects, than the precious metals.

☞ It would be hard to put together more mental and moral philosophy than the Persians have thrown into a sentence:—

"Fooled thou must be, though wisest of the wise;
Then be the fool of virtue, not of vice."

—*Emerson.*

☞ The vulgarism of some modern clergymen was long ago forestalled by declaimers. Cardinal Perron complains of a spiritual orator of his time for saying, "Lord! cleanse Thou Thy lips with the napkin of Thy love!"

☞ What a comfort a dull, but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

POVERTY IN WEALTH.

A London merchant, named James Morrison, lately died, worth $20,000,000. He had been in Parliament, he was liberal in his expenditures, he paid his debts, and therefore, the English journals, which are severe upon poor people, have raised Mr. Morrison to the seventh heaven of fulsome eulogy. He made his money, however, in no very laudable manner. Any trader who was "in a tight place" had only to give Mr. Morrison a supply of goods in marketable condition, at half the cost price, and that liberal gentleman would immediately give him a check. Now and then, to be sure, he came within a hair's breadth of being prosecuted as a "receiver," but always drove just outside the operation of the law. In London, where he was known, such a character was a fair mark for sarcasm, and we find his history and mode of trading very fully shadowed out in the last number of Dickens's *Household Words*, where, under the title of "Twenty Shillings in the Pound," every one who runs may find, in the adventures of Petty, Larceny & Co., the haberdashers, a palpable adumbration of Mr. James Morrison's mode of making money.

We notice the man, puffed and worthless as he really was, on account of an anecdote relating to him, communicated by a correspondent of the *Illustrated London Times*, as follows: "It is said that during the last two years of his life he was the victim of a singular mental hallucination, imagining that he was in the utmost poverty, and that but by daily labor could he get daily bread. His friends accordingly used to place a spade in his hands, and sent him to work for a short time in the garden, paying him weekly wages of a few shillings, and in this way alone would he be quieted." This may be true, but is not very singular. Thrift very frequently has such a painful terminus as this. Accumulation sometimes operates upon the mind in the manner here described, and inflicts the torture of constantly imagining that poverty is at hand. This is one of the pains and penalties of riches.

Mr. Morrison, haunted by the idea of utter poverty while he had $20,000,000 of property, is fairly entitled to the title of *millionaire*. But he was only in moderate circumstances compared with a fortunate Englishman, named Martin, who has for forty years been struggling with poverty, and now, by a legal decision, has succeeded to the Jennings property, consisting of $400,000,000 of accumulation, and estates worth $2,000,000, per annum. It is difficult to imagine how a man can live up to such an income. It is enough to unsettle the reason.

AARON BURR.

The following reminiscence is from B. F. Taylor's "Home Made Chips:"—

Years ago, a reverend friend, now deceased, used to tell us of Aaron Burr, whom he personally knew, and from him we derived a faith never shaken, that with all his faults, Burr was not the Lucifer he has been painted.

The strange incidents of his life came to have, in some sort, the interest of a romance, and the thought, that but for a mere geographical fact, we ourself might have seen him, nay, felt his hand laid upon our young head, seemed to us as if we might have beheld the lamp of Aladdin, if we would, or looked up into the angel-face of the doomed lady of Elterslie.

Colonel Burr's eye, our friend was wont to say, never looked at, but always *into* you; a clearly defined and piercing beam. When turned upon an audience, the effect was something like sweeping it with a sunbeam reflected from a mirror, keen and startling.

There was one trait in his character in whose brilliance a thousand blemishes disappeared: his love for his hapless daughter whom the faithful-keeping sea will surrender by and by; and not only his parental fondness for Theodosia—what a beautiful name for a loving daughter, is Theodosia—"God's gift!"—but her wonderful affection mingled with reverence for him. That man could not have been the evil being he is painted, who could keep the purest of earthly loves forever burning, and preserve until she went down in the baptism of death, the enthusiastic admiration of one of the noblest women who ever breathed the name of "father."

"I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man," she writes; and again, during his absence in Europe: "how often, when my tongue and hands trembled with disease, have I besought Heaven either to reunite us, or let me die at once. Yet do not hence imagine that I yield to infantile lamentations or impatience. As soon as relief from pain restored me in some measure to myself, I became more worthy of the happiness of being your daughter. Oh, my guardian angel! why were you obliged to abandon me, just when enfeebled nature doubly required your care!"

It is rather the language of lovers than of the gentle fervor of filial affection. It dignifies and hallows its object; and heavily as the shadows have fallen, this pure white ray shall shine forever upon the memory of Burr.

TREATMENT OF FROST BITES AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.—An Esquimaux had his legs frozen above the knee, stiff, colorless, and to all appearance, lifeless. He was placed in a snow-house, at a temperature of 20 degrees below zero. The parts were then bathed with ice-cold water for about two hours, then enveloped in furs for three or four hours. Then frictions were used, first with the feathery side of a bird-skin, then with snow, alternately wrapping the limb in furs, and rubbing it for nearly 24 hours. It was then carefully wrapped up, and the temperature of a snow-house elevated by lamps above zero. On the third day the patient was taken to his house, where they have often a temperature of 70 or 80 degrees, and in 70 hours he was walking about, with only a slight frost-bite on one of his toes.—*Dr. I. J. Hayes, before Ohio Med. Society.*

HE MAY PAY TOO DEAR FOR HIS WHISTLE.—This saying originated with Dr. Franklin, of celebrated memory. Proceeding to France as Charge d'Affaires of the United States, the vessel which bore him passed very near a vessel of the enemy, when the boatswain, a bold, but imprudent man, and who was very expert on his *call*, whistled a kind of threat of defiance, which he had no sooner done than a shot from the main-top of the enemy, sent him to another world! Dr. Franklin, who was standing near him, observed, with all the *sang froid* imaginable, "poor fellow, he has paid too dear for his whistle!" and from hence originated the common saying—"He may pay too dear for his whistle."

TO THE CROW.

On Seeing One Flying Over a Settlement on a Winter Day.

BY D. P. SHILLABER.

Bird of the dark and solemn hue, and harsh unvaried tone,
That lingers still about our homes when fairer birds have flown,
I love thy independent ways and constancy together—
Thou dost not fawn in summer days and fly in winter weather.

With the wild deer and the Indian, when the hunter sought the strand,
Thou wert found in every sunny nook through all the pleasant land;
The deer are hunted from the plain, the red men from the hill,
But spite of persecution's wrath the black crow lingers still.

The statute book takes heed of thee—thou to the wild beast fled,
A dark and hunted outlaw, with a price upon thy head—
But full of rare expedients for keeping out of harm,
Thou fearest neither traps nor snares, nor shot from old king's arm.

When genial spring gives to the land alternate sun and rain,
Upon an ancient blasted tree you perch secure again,
Content to see the husbandman sow in the stubborn soil
The seed that when he turns away, becomes your certain spoil.

Guerrilla-like, when conflict's tide has swept your home away,
You foray on the enemy, and spoil him as you may;
Or like a parson, sombre robed, you glance along the field,
And think how in good time you'll take a tithe of all its yield.

You needy spendthrift! when the corn puts forth its tender shoots,
Your income you anticipate by nibbling off the roots;
How very much at such a time, to one who hears your shouts,
You seem like jolly prodigals, put through "a course of sprouts."

Then long may live the ancient crow, so subtle and so black,
Nor ever from our harvest fields his scanty gleanings lack;
And should perchance he fall within the scope of human laws,
May he never want a ready friend to stand and plead his cause. —*Evening Gazette.*

Belfast, Me., Nov., 1857.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

FROM BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

The general idea entertained of Sir William Wallace is that of a rough but skillful warrior, endowed with marvellous strength of arm, and courage that never shrunk from any trial. His sword is preserved as an evidence of his personal power, and if he used the weapon which tradition assigns to him, his strength far exceeded that of common men.

This popular notion of Wallace consists with such authentic history as we possess. It is correct so far as the man is delineated: but one set of peculiarities is described and all others are omitted. Nearly all nations have their heroes, and many virtues are ascribed to each. The Scottish hero had the virtues of military courage and skill developed very largely, and as they told more strongly with a military people than any others, and were more intelligible perhaps to their bards and historians than his political services to Scotland, they have been described more fully than his diplomatic qualifications, or than those accomplishments that rather belong to private than to public life.

We are not to re-write the wondrous story of this short life—to tell again how in the course of seven years the younger son in a squire's family defeated and overthrew the armies and Generals of a great and popular monarch—wrested from him the possession of a kingdom—fought all the hostile influence of feudal power—out of a nation of serfs raised an independent army, amenable only to the royal authority, which he, as Regent, wielded—gave to the nation's Parliament a rude but strong life—knew how alike to lead in cabinet or camp, and how in camp or court to be led and to obey—solved, so far as a solution was practicable then, all the problems of the day between people, peers and king, and reconciled them all to the national cause; and, amid ceaseless and passionate struggles for national existence, for personal and public vengeance, contrived to cultivate, to encourage, and to extend national commerce, and to ally national independence with individual industry, eliciting at once from crude materials a mercantile and a military spirit—and in a selfish age, from a selfish aristocracy and a domineering priesthood, gaining popular rights, without the reproach of having sought personal objects for personal ends.

Wallace was the man of the people, and the faithful servant of a monarch in a foreign prison. To the people he would have given personal freedom: to the sovereign a throne independent alike of domestic and foreign supremacy. He struck not down alone the feudal power of the Norman king, but also the feudal strength of the great Norman barons. The system of serf-hood existed long after his death, but his life secured its death. The burghal influences were the roots of political freedom: and he planted them. His regency restored old Saxon customs, and once more made the people a power in the state. We think of him now as the great national chief in the struggle between Scotland and England. Those who read that history aright see in it the olden strife between Saxon and Norman—between the aristocratic and democratic elements of the same race—a strife fought on other fields, for apparently different objects, in future times, between Cromwell and Rupert.

Sir William Wallace was for his age and in his age a scholar of liberal attainments; conversant with the best works of art in Europe, and probably, therefore, a man of taste; fond as all men of that character and time were of carved columns in stately temples, on which art then chiefly traced the evidence of its existence.

An old portrait is fondly supposed by some enthusiasts to preserve the features of the man. We would not roughly break the dream of a harmless fancy, but portrait-painting was not in a very advanced state in this country six hundred years since.

The friends of this painting overcome every difficulty—that chronological one inclusive—by assuming us that Wallace visited Paris and Rome, and was known in continental courts. These circumstances do not help the matter much; but the painter had studied the history of his subject. He lived nearer the events of that leader's life by two or three centuries than those who now write of them. The general state of society in the days of the Bruce and Wallace was more intelligible to him perhaps than to us. He was a man of genius; and at least, if he could do no more, he placed on canvas the opinion that he had formed of this great leader. The painting denotes a man of calm rather than stern determination; of strong intelligence and resolution—a man whom we would anticipate to cope with difficulties and overcome them—to meet troubles and not be vanquished by them—a man of heroic spirit, who would not be elated greatly with success, but who would not quiver at the edge of the axe. From the features we should infer the immense physical strength that he is said to have possessed: and yet over them hangs a shade of gentleness, and a mournful tint, gathered from the day when the lady who was said to have been his wife was murdered by his foes.

This circumstance is forgotten often, that the martyr to freedom on Smithfield, was a very young man. Sir William Wallace died in early youth. He had a great work to do. He did it well, even to the end—to the scaffold and the torture, decreed for him by a great king of England, in many respects an able and a great monarch, but as destitute of generosity that having paid a traitor to betray a still abler and a greater soldier than himself, he not only ordered his death, but his death by torture. The haughty Edward dreamed not then that the death-warrant of Wallace, was that also of all his ambition and hopes, the insult which made reconciliation impossible—which fired hearts that were before almost hopeless—inspired purposes that were nearly extinguished—irritated the nobility and the squirearchy of the land which he wished to make a county or a province—and kindled into fury that commonalty to whom Wallace had been the object of profound hero-worship, and who in all changing scenes stood by him, always constant and faithful—the unbroken spearmen whom he had trained—that noble democracy of burghers and peasants whose vengeance for many sufferings made Roslin heights but a red, red mire, and for their leader's death of agony made Bannockburn a river of blood—who cared for neither faction nor king, but followed the Comyn to Roslin, or the Bruce to Stirling, intent on one conclusion, and that alone—their national independence.

Edward's courage was often placed beyond cavil or doubt. He was a brave man—the bravest of the brave among the kings of his day. He was a wise man, for the policy which he proposed was necessary to the ultimate greatness of the three kingdoms; but he was not a good man, or a sagacious prince. The wisdom of Henry VII., whose valor was not less tried on battle-fields, rendered possible by peace what Edward made impossible by war; but Edward had none of Henry's wise determination to gain from kindness, what was lost to power.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Dr. Livingston, in his recent work on South Africa, says:—

"The Bechuanas are universally much attached to children. A little child toddling near a party of men while they are eating is sure to get a handful of the food. This love of children may arise, in a great measure, from the patriarchal system under which they dwell. Every little stranger forms an increase of property to the whole community, and is duly reported to the chief—boys being more welcome than girls. The parents take the name of the child, and often address their children as Ma (mother), or Ra (father). Our eldest boy being named Robert, Mrs. Livingston was, after his birth, always addressed as Mu-Robert, instead of Mary, her Christian name. I have examined several cases in which a grandmother has taken upon herself to suckle a grandchild. Masina of Kuruman had no children after the birth of her daughter Sina, and had no milk after Sina was weaned, an event which usually is deferred till the child is two or three years old. Sina married when she was seventeen or eighteen, and had twins; Masina, after at least fifteen years' interval since she last suckled a child, took possession of one of them, applied it to her breast, and milk flowed, so that she was able to nurse the child entirely. Masina was at this time at least forty years of age. I have witnessed several other cases analogous to this. A grandmother of forty, or even less, for they become withered at an early age, when left at home with a young child, applies it to her own shrivelled breast, and milk soon follows. In some cases, as that of Ma-bogosing, the chief wife of Mahuro, who was about thirty-five years of age, the child was not entirely dependent on the grandmother's breast, as the mother suckled it too. I had witnessed the production of milk so frequently by the simple application of the lips of the child, that I was not therefore surprised when told by the Portuguese in Eastern Africa of a native doctor who, by applying a poultice of the pounded larvæ of hornets to the breast of a woman, aided by the attempts of the child, could bring back the milk. Is it not possible that the story in the 'Cloud of Witnesses,' of a man during the time of persecution in Scotland putting his child to his own breast, and finding, to the astonishment of the whole country, that milk followed the act, may have been literally true? It was regarded and is quoted as a miracle; but the feelings of the father towards the child of a murdered mother must have been as nearly as possible analogous to the maternal feeling; and, as anatomists declare the structure of both male and female breasts to be identical, there is nothing physically impossible in the alleged result. The illustrious Baron Humboldt quotes an instance of the male breast yielding milk; and though I am not conscious of being over-credulous, the strange instances I have examined in the opposite sex make me believe that there is no error in that philosopher's statement."

ORIGIN OF KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.—Matthew of Westminster says that, formerly it was usual to kiss the hand of his Holiness, but that towards the end of the eighth century, a certain lewd woman, in making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but also pressed it. The Pope—his name was Leo—seeing the danger, cut off his hand, and thus escaped the contamination to which it had been exposed. Since that time, the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand.—*Buckle's History of Civilization in England.*

THE ROYAL KITCHEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The kitchen is a noble apartment of nearly fifty feet in height—situated on the northern side of the castle. And the Christmas good cheer requires ample space. As many as sixty turkeys are roasted for the royal table at this season. The household and the domestics help, of course, to consume them. Large fires at both ends of the kitchen look enormous, and, with the viands slowly revolving on the spits, present a wonderful picture. On either side there are also charcoal fires for the more delicate cookery—for the *chef-d'œuvres* of French invention—aided by certain mysterious utensils used in the process that sadly bewilder the uninitiated, whose astonishment is moreover excited by the great size and number of the culinary vessels displayed ostentatiously around the huge fire-places.

Among the standing dishes, we are informed, on her Majesty's table, there is a baron of beef, an immeasurable pie, and a boar's head, two or three brawns, and a large woodcock pie, which, by old custom, is sent over by the Viceroy of Ireland.

As might have been expected, the staff of persons employed in the kitchen is numerous. It consists of a *chef de cuisine* (an important post, now filled by M. Moret,) two master cooks, two yeomen of the month, two yeomen of the kitchen, two roasting cooks, two larderers, five scourers, one steam-man, three kitchen-maids, two men in the green-office, as it is called, their duty being to clean the vegetables; that of the steam-man is to boil them; and there are four apprentices, to learn the art and mystery of cooking.

The scene in the kitchen is one of great order: no bustle, no confusion; all the details, even of the largest dinner, being so subdivided and arranged that each person has his own part to attend to, and in consequence there is no disorder. The quiet is remarkable. The chief scene of activity is when the footmen are in attendance to convey the dishes from the hot table in the centre of the kitchen, on which they are disposed, to the apartments in which they are to be served. We say apartments, as it often happens that her Majesty dines in private; and, besides, there are so many for whom provision is made, that the supply seems at all times enormous.—*Wife's Own Book of Cookery.*

THE NIGHT REVIEW BEFORE AUSTERLITZ.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

December dawn—through frosty fogs
The sun strove hard to shine,
A rolling of the muster drums
Was heard along the line;
In simple gray the Corporal
Rode with his head bent down,
More like a swan than the man
Who won an Emperor's crown.

He looked at Soult, and raised his hand,
He stood god-like upright,
Then all at once a silence fell
As deep and hushed as night.
Ten thousand faces turned at once—
Like flowers unto the sun—
The gunner, with his lighted match,
Stood silent by his gun.

"One year to-day, my sons, you placed
The crown upon my head."
(We saw his coal-black eye was fired,
His yellow cheek grew red.)
"The Tartars yonder want to steal
That Iron crown you gave,
And will you let them?" Tete de Dieu,
The shout the soldiers gave!

Six hundred cannon bellowed "No!"
The eagles waved—and then
There came the earthquake clamoring
Of a hundred thousand men.
In waves of sound the grenadiers
Cried "Vive l'Empereur!" at once,
And fires broke out along the line,
Like Lapland's midnight suns.

"Soldiers, a thunderbolt must fall
Upon this Tartar's head,
Your Emperor will be this day
Victorious or dead.
My children, where the eagle flies
Is (who dare doubt it?) France!
To-day we'll light the bivouac fire
With Russia's broken lance."

A grizzled giant, old Daru,
Looked round him with a frown—
He wore upon his broad bull chest
The order of the "Crown."
"To-morrow, sire, those Russian flags
In sheaves we hope to bring,
And lay them at our Emperor's feet,
A BOUQUET FOR A KING."

THE SWEDES.—A common phrase about the Swedes, repeated in all descriptions of them, is that they are the "French of the North." It does not seem to me true, and must have taken its origin in superficial resemblances, and in another age. There is a tact and politeness with the most aristocractic classes, which is somewhat French. They use the language also much, and in the last century were much imbued with French ideas. But the essential groundwork of the Swedish nature is anything but French.—They are a sober, serious people. The severe skies and dark forests of evergreen, and their Teutonic blood, have brought forth a solemn, almost superstitious temperament. There is much ardor and force apparent in all classes, the natural accompaniment of their vigorous constitutions and sanguine habit of body. But with this always a certain seriousness or religiosity, not a poetic sadness, as in the Hungarian temperament, or an over-strained earnestness, as in the American, but a soberness as from a tendency of the mind to fasten on unseen and spiritual phenomena. This, too, being a matter more of feeling than of reflection; for the nation does not at all impress you as do the Germans—as a people skeptical or given to inquiring into spiritual truths. The same thing is true of the Norwegian, though not to so great a degree. The Norwegian is a modern democrat by the side of the Swede, the old aristocrat; rough, ready, manly, intelligent, equal to any one, and accustomed to battle with the most stern powers of nature. The Swede is more refined, courteous and gentle, with more of poetry and superstition clinging to him, but still with the old Norse power in him. I confess, of the two, the Swede is to me the more interesting, though by no means the more valuable to the world. Both nations are essentially inclined to superstition.—*The "Norse Folk," by C. L. Brace.*

☞ Aristotle wondered at nothing more than at this, that they were thought richer who had superfluous things, than they who had what were profitable and necessary.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF GENERAL JACKSON.

In one of the Indian campaigns, whilst the army was on its march, still in Tennessee, on its way to the scene of war in Alabama, a drafted company was expected daily to overtake the main body of troops. This company at length reached the rear of the train. Information of their approach was immediately carried to the front, where Jackson was at the time. As the messenger passed from rear to front, the fact that this company were without arms, having left their guns at home, was made known along the whole line. It was known to the entire army before it reached Jackson's ears. Curiosity was on tiptoe to know how the irascible commander would act under such circumstances. A storm was anticipated. Soon the General was observed making his way rapidly to the rear, and to the surprise of all parties, seemingly in rather smiling mood. Finally he met the company. He saluted them. They looked for a volley of curses and an immediate dismission home—the very thing they desired. Not so, however. Old Hickory pulled off his hat, and with the politest and lowest bow, expressed his gratification at their arrival, and especially at the fact that they had no guns. The very men he wanted, just as he desired them—*without arms.* Forming them for rapid motion, at double quick step, under his own lead, they marched on till a baggage wagon was reached, then halted, and each man was furnished with an axe. Forward march, again, was the word. As they passed along the line of march, the General's object was seen, and laughter, loud and uproarious, with many a hearty cheer, saluted them as they made their rapid way to the front. There these axemen were at once initiated into their campaign duties. They cleared the roads, they bridged the creeks, or carried the wagons piece by piece, the baggage, ammunition, &c., over on their backs, when bridges were impassable. They were ever on a post of danger, bearing the burdens of the campaign, sharing none of its honors—the laughing stock of the whole army.

ANOTHER.—Old Hickory crossed the Warrior river at the close of a campaign, at Carthage, in Tuscaloosa county. There he halted and rested for the recruit and refreshment of the sick and wounded for a few days. The citizens of Tuscaloosa, then a small village, got up a public dinner to the General. A deputation of militia officers, armed cap a-pie, went to Carthage to extend the invitation to Jackson. They found him busy, on foot, near the main road, dismounted, and with well set phrase, their spokesman invited him to the dinner.

"For how many have you made provision?" asked Jackson. "For all my men?"

"No, only for yourself and officers."

"By the ——, then," replied the old hero, "I nor officer of mine will eat a dinner not provided for *all our boys!*" Then turning on his heel abruptly, he left them.

The poor militia men were sadly discomfitted and mortified at this rebuff. But worse was in store for them. A quartermaster, or his assistant, had laid hands on every horse of the delegation, and claimed them for the public service. Furious, they appealed to the General. He declined interfering; could make no distinctions. Other men's horses were taken, why not theirs—was surprised at their want of patriotism, not willing to give up their horses for the transportation of the sick and wounded soldiers! The case was hopeless—the weather warm—the military trappings, coat, sword, boots, &c., all unsuited for a long march in the hot and dusty weather. No conveyance, however, could be had. The generals, colonels, majors and captains of the Tuscaloosa militia, *walked* to Tuscaloosa.

"And that's the reason," naively added my informant, "why Tuscaloosa always voted against the old General."

I believe these anecdotes to be true. They have never been published. The authorities from whom I had them are every way reliable.

The late —— ——, of Selma, Dallas county, gave me the first in 1838. He has been dead for years. He was a quartermaster in Jackson's army—himself an enthusiastic admirer of the old hero, politically, at that time a supporter of Judge White. He represented himself as an eye witness of the scene.

The second I have from D. E., near Havana, in Greene county, Ala. He is still living. Believes Jackson to have been the greatest man, save Washington, who ever lived. At the time of the occurrence he resided near Carthage. He saw and heard as I have written, substantially.

—*Mobile Mercury.* K.

A LIBEL ON WOMAN, (PERHAPS.)—Charles Reade is a popular novelist, now-a-days, but he has, in one of his books, written:—

"Nothing is so hard to woman as a long, steady struggle. In matters physical, this is the thing the muscles of the fair cannot stand. In matters intellectual and moral, the long strain it is that beats them dead. Do not look for a Bacona, a Newtona, a Handella, a Victoria Hugo. Some American ladies tell us education has stopped the growth of these. No! mesdames. These are not in nature. They can bubble letters in ten minutes that you could no more deliver to order in ten days than a river can play like a fountain. They can sparkle gems of stories; they can flash diamonds of poems. The entire sex has never produced one opera nor one epic that mankind could tolerate a minute; and why!—these come by long, high-strung labor. But weak as they are in the long run of everything but the affections, (and there they are giants,) they are all overpowering while their gallop lasts. Fragella shall dance any two of you flat on the floor before four o'clock, and then dance on till peep of day. You trundle off to your business as usual, and could dance again the next night, and so on through countless ages. She who danced you into nothing is in bed, a human jelly crowned with headache."

A DISPUTED QUESTION.—An old toper, after indulging quite freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in teasing a mettlesome horse. The animal not fancying his familiarities, suddenly reared, and the disciple of Bacchus found himself sprawling in an adjacent mud puddle. Gathering himself up as composedly as his situation would allow, he shouted to his son John, who was standing by,

"John, did you see me kick that 'ere hoss?"

"Why, no, dad, the hoss kicked you!"

"Reckon not, John. One or t'other of us got badly hoisted. *Twixt me, John, for I'm here!*"

GONE.

And thou indeed art gone! I scarce dare speak
The thought aloud, it makes my heart so weak:
I never knew what parting meant before;
Thou wert so much to me, friend, brother, more!

Long years ago, when I was sore in need,
In mercy sent, thou cam'st a friend indeed,
To bid me shun the evil, choose the right,
And turn my spirit-darkness into light.

Each day we spent together closer drew
Our souls, each hour brought pleasures pure and new;
Whence, then, alas, the mandate that thy heart
Should be as one with mine—our lives apart?

Full often when they thought I calmly slept,
Unseen by all, so softly have I crept
Thy window near, that the same light on thee
Within that fell, without might shine on me!

Still, half unconsciously, I sit and strain
My ear to catch thy footstep, but in vain;
Then waking from my dream affrighted start,
To feel what once thou wast, and what thou art.

But fare thee well: I'll strive without a tear
To yield thee back—the loan I held so dear;
If God has lade thee cheer some other's way,
I cannot, will not, dare not wish thy stay.

RUTH.

HOW PEOPLE LIVED ONLY A GENERATION AGO.

Mr. Goodrich (Peter Parley) in his "Recollections of a Lifetime," thus depicts the life of his youth in New England:—

"Money was scarce, wages being about fifty cents a day, though these were generally paid in meat, vegetables, and other articles of use—seldom in money. There was not a factory of any kind in the place. There was a butcher, but he only went from house to house to slaughter the cattle and swine of his neighbors. There was a tanner, but he only dressed other people's skins; there was a clothier, but he generally fulled and dressed other people's cloth. * * Even dyeing blue a portion of the wool, so as to make linsey-woolsey for short gowns, aprons, and blue-mixed stockings—vital necessities in those days—was a domestic operation. During the autumn, a dye-tub in the chimney corner—thus placed so as to be cherished by the genial heat—was as familiar in all thrifty houses, as the Bible or the back-log. It was covered with a board, and formed a cosy seat in the wide-mouthed fire-place, especially of a chill evening. * * Our bread was of rye, tinged with Indian meal. Wheat bread was reserved for the sacrament and company. * * All the vegetables came from our garden and farm. The fuel was supplied by our own woods—sweet-scented hickory, snapping chestnut, odoriferous oak, and reeking, fizzling ash. * * Sugar was partially supplied by our maple-trees. These were tapped in March, the sap being collected, and boiled down in the woods. This was wholly a domestic operation, and one in which all the children rejoiced. * * Rum was largely consumed, but our distilleries had scarcely begun. A half-pint of it was given, as a matter of course, to every day-laborer, more particularly in the summer season. In all families, rich or poor, it was offered to male visitors as an essential point of hospitality, or even good manners. Women—I beg pardon—ladies, took their schnapps, then named 'Hopking Elixir,' which was the most delicious and seductive means of getting tipsy that has been invented. Crying babies were silenced with hot toddy, then esteemed an infallible remedy for wind on the stomach. Every man imbibed his morning dram, and this was esteemed temperance. There is a story of a preacher about those days, who thus lectured his parish: 'I say nothing, my beloved brethren, against taking a little bitters before breakfast, and after breakfast, especially if you are used to it. What I contend against is this dramming, dramming, dramming, at all hours of the day.' * * We raised our own flax, rotted it, hackled it, dressed it, and spun it. The little wheel, turned by the foot, had its place, and was as familiar as if it had been a member of the family. * * The wool was also spun in the family, partly by my sisters, and partly by Molly Gregory, daughter of our neighbor, the town carpenter. I remember her well as she sang and spun aloft in the attic. In those days, church singing was one of the fine arts—the only one, indeed, which flourished in Ridgefield, except the music of the drum and fife. The choir was divided into four parts, ranged on three sides of the meeting-house gallery. * * Twice a year, that is, in the spring and autumn, the tailor came to the house and fabricated the semi-annual stock of clothes for the male members—this being called 'whipping the cat.' Mantuamakers and millinors came in their turn, to fit out the female members of the family. There was a similar process as to boots and shoes.

"At the period of my earliest recollections, men of all classes were dressed in long, broad-tailed coats, with huge pockets, long waistcoats, and breeches. Hats had low crowns, with broad brims—some so wide as to be supported at the sides with cords. The stockings of the parson, and a few others, were of silk in summer and worsted in winter; those of the people were generally of wool, and blue and gray mixed. Women dressed in wide bonnets—sometimes of straw and sometimes of silk; the gowns were of silk, muslin, gingham, &c.—generally close and short-waisted, the breast and shoulders being covered by a full muslin kerchief. Girls ornamented themselves with a large white Vandyke. * * Tavern haunting—especially in winter, when there was little to do—was common, even with respectable farmers. Marriages were celebrated in the evening, at the house of the bride, with a general gathering of the neighborhood, and usually wound off by dancing. Everybody went, as to a public exhibition, without invitation. Funerals generally drew large processions, which proceeded to the grave. Here the minister always made an address, suited to the occasion. If there was any thing remarkable in the history of the deceased, it was turned to religious account in the next Sunday's sermon. Singing meetings, to practise church music, were a great resource for the young, in winter. * * Balls at the taverns were frequented by the young; the children of deacons and ministers attended, though the parents did not. The winter brought sleighing, skating, and the usual round of indoor sports."

LAST HOPES OF A BEAUTY.—Poor Lady Coventry! It is hard upon a standard beauty when she is in a deep consumption. She lay constantly on a couch, with a pocket-glass in her hand, and when that told how great the change was, she took to her bed. The last fortnight she had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea kettle, and at last took the things in through the curtains of her bed, without suffering them to be undrawn.—*Walpole's Letters.*

WHO WAS THE FIRST CHINAMAN?

The notions which the Chinese entertain as to the progenitor of our species are interesting. It appears that this tradition, like our scriptural account, begins with a time when the earth was void and shapeless. Out of this sprang a dual power—rest and motion: the former representing the female, and named Yin; the other representing the male, and named Yang. A competent writer in Household Words, tells us that of heaven and earth, of genii, of men, and of all creatures, animate and inanimate, Yin and Yang were the father and mother. Furthermore, all these things are either male or female; there is nothing in nature neuter. Whatever in the material world possesses, or is reputed to possess, the quality of hardness (including heaven, the sun, and day) is masculine. Whatever is soft is feminine. Choofoots says on this subject: "The celestial principle formed the male; the terrestrial principle formed the female." The Chinese have also a theory resembling one propounded by Pythagoras, concerning monads and duads. "One," they say, "begat two, two produced four, and four increased to eight; and thus, by spontaneous multiplication, the production of all things followed." As for the present system of things, it is the work of what they call "the triad powers—Heaven, Man and Earth." The following is translated from a Chinese Encyclopædia, published about sixty years ago: "Before heaven and earth existed, they were commingled as the contents of an egg-shell are." (In this egg-shell, heaven is likened to the yellow, and earth to the white of the egg.) "Or they were altogether turbid and muddy, like thick dregs just beginning to settle. Or they were together, like a thick fog on the point of breaking. Then was the beginning of time, when the original power created all things. Heaven and earth are the effect of the First Cause. They, in turn, produced all other things besides."—*Sir Oscar Oliphant.*

KISSES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

Tell me who first invented the clocks,
Classing the hours and the minutes in flocks?
That was some sorrowful, shivering man—
Deep into midnight his reveries ran,
While he counted the nibbling of mice round the hall,
And the notes of the death watch which ticked in the wall.

Tell me who first invented a kiss?
Oh, that was some smiling young mouth full of bliss;
It kissed without thinking, and still kissed away,
'Twas all in the beautiful, fresh month of May—
Up from the earth the young blossoms sprung,
The sunbeams were shining, the merry birds sung.

Useful Receipts.

TO KEEP PART OF A BOTTLE OF PORTER OR ALE BRISK.—Put in the cork firmly, and set the cork end downwards, in a tumbler, or other vessel, nearly full of water.

TO RESTORE LINEN THAT HAS LONG BEEN STAINED.—Rub the stains on each side with wet brown soap; mix some starch to a thick paste with cold water and spread it over the soaped places; then expose the linen to the air. If the stains do not disappear in three or four days, rub off the mixture and repeat the process with fresh soap and starch.

TO FASTEN LEATHER TO METAL.—Soak the leather in a hot solution of nut galls, and apply it to the metal upon which it is to be fastened, having first given the metal a coat of glue. When dry, the leather will adhere so tight that it sooner tears than separates from the metal.

WATERPROOF POLISH FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.—Mix together two pints of vinegar, and one pint of soft water; stir into it a quarter of a pound of glue broken up, half a pound of log wood chips, a quarter of an ounce of finely powdered indigo, a quarter of an ounce of the best soft soap, and a quarter of an ounce of isinglass. Put the mixture over the fire, and after it comes to a boil continue the boiling for ten minutes more. Then strain the liquid, and bottle and cork it. When cold, it is fit for use. Before applying this polish to boots, shoes, &c., you should remove the dirt with a sponge and water then put on the polish with a clean sponge Should it be found too thick, hold it near the fire to warm a little, and the heat will liquify it sufficiently to be used.

TO WASH BROWN LINEN.—Wash in cold suds, and rinse without boiling, and have the starch cold.

RECIPE FOR USING STALE BREAD.—Take some pieces of bread, crust and all, put them to soak in cold water for several hours, then with the hand press out the water, and mash thoroughly. To a quart of this add a pint of flour two tablespoons of molasses, and half a teacup of lard, mix with sufficient cold water to form rather stiff batter, then add a teaspoon soda, no eggs are required; bake quick on griddle, and they are equal to buckwheat cakes.

EXCELLENT WASHING RECIPE.—1 gallon boiling water poured upon half a pound unslacked lime, stand till cold. 1 gallon boiling water poured upon 1 pound sal soda, stand till cold. Pour off the lime water free from sediment into the soda water. Put it in bottles or jugs and keep corked. Put the clothes in soak over night, rub soap on the dirty spots, and put some of the fluid in the water. Next morning rub them out a little, and put in the boiler, in which is a small teacup of the fluid to every 3 gallons of water.

ONIONS.—I perceive that Senator Hale objects to onions on account of the unpleasant odor which they communicate to the breath. If he will swallow a little vinegar after eating, it will remove the cause of his objection. What is much better in this case, is a few kernels of burnt coffee, taken immediately after eating. It will effectually remedy the evil complained of. —*Granite State Farmer.*

LARD CANDLES.—The manufacture of lard candles is carried on to a considerable extent in some of the Western States, particularly Wisconsin, and being monopolized by the few, has proved very lucrative. The following is the receipt in toto. To every 8 pounds of lard, add 1 ounce nitric acid; and the manner of making is as follows: Having carefully weighed your lard, place it over a slow fire, or at least merely melt it; then add the acid, and mould the same as tallow, and you have a clear, beautiful candle In order to make them resemble bona-fide tallow candles, you have only to add a small proportio of pure beeswax.—*Country Gentleman.*

A RHYME OF THE TIMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, our self-love that doth soar so!
Oh, our staid and stately pity!
That doth walk with regal consciousness
Of purity within!
Hearing not our suffering brothers through
The thunders of the city,
With their smothered sobbing muffled in
An atmosphere of sin!

We can look out through our crimsons,
And our purples, velvet-lining
The smooth comfort of our goodness
And our greatness evermore—
While the tides of indoor music
Beat the troublous wave of pining,
And the passionate prayer for succor
From our dainty plated door!

We sigh—Ah, me! poor souls!—or say
The world is all before them,
Let them grasp the sickle of their fate
And reap the bearded grain!
Why sit they mourning in low vales,
Till the thistles red grow o'er them,
And the harvest ripened for the shearing
Perish in the rain!

Women we—born of free mothers—
Women of a great Republic—
And we boast our nation's glory
With a high and regnant grace;
Meeting with unbending hauteur,
Or with scornful glances oblique,
The aristocratic scions of
A royal-blooded race!

Trampling down the old abuses
Of all crowned and titled powers,
We stand on the hills of progress,
While they tarry in the plain!
But alas! for smiles and sunshine,
We see not the baleful flowers
That are blooming at the darkened door
Of Labor's weary train!

So we tread with splendid dignity,
Led by a false, false brightness,
Through the crowds that so upbraid us
With sad eyes and faces pale;
Never dreaming, in our selfishness,
Our folly and our lightness,
That our glory on their sadness
Flings a shadow full of hate!

Shall we pet our sin-born fancy
With a thousand foreign graces!
Shall we snatch the food from starving lips,
To feed our starving pride?
Dare we sweep the thankless pavements
With the ermines and the laces,
Heedless of the dying eyes that closed
E'en while the thin hands plied?

Stoop! oh, ladies, fine and splendid!
From your stately city mansions!
Stoop! and fill the fainting soul with joy,
The pallid lips with food!
Put a veto on your jewels,
And your velvets' broad expansions,
For the gentle sake of mercy,
And your holy womanhood!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Kensington, Nov. 21st.

SHOOTING BUFFALO WITH COLT'S REVOLVING PISTOL.

THE COUNT'S RANSOM.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

The hero of my story, Norman Webster, so called from his craft of weaver (or Webster, as it was then designated,) was one of those fortunate military adventurers, such as we sometimes read of, who by the sword succeed in cleaving a passage from the lowliest station in life to wealth and distinction. Abandoning his loom, casting warp and shuttle aside at an early age, he enrolled his humble name among the gallant muster then enlisting under the youthful Henry V. of England, following his bright-starred sovereign to the battle-fields of France.

Norman's father, Tom Webster, had acquired some skill in his craft of armorer, and shrewdly judging that the commencement of a war boded well for artizans of his calling, naturally enough represented to our hero that he had better remain at home, and assist him in hammering out suits of mail, instead of setting out with the silly intent to batter them in the foreign wars just at the opening of the prospective remunerative harvest at home.

But all in vain were honest Tom's representations. Norman "had heard of battles," and he longed to distinguish himself in the field; so he indexibly clung to his resolve. Having once made up his mind that smashing French harness would produce a richer reward in shorter time than either throwing the shuttle, under his old master, or mending battered armor, under his father, he one night helped himself to the best blade in old Tom's stall, and with this first achievement in the way of booty, joined the royal forces at Southampton.

Once wafted by fair breezes to the sunny shores of Normandy, our hero's invincible courage and great powers of endurance, added to that daring spirit of adventure that rendered him reckless to danger, soon gained him the notice of the young and chivalrous Henry V. He rapidly advanced from one promotion to another, until, at the battle of Agincourt, where he towered like the very embodied demon of the fight, breaking with his resistless might through the before invincible ranks of the war-inured Alencon, he was not only honored with the command of a battalion, but his deeds of high emprise were rewarded with knighthood.

When Norman approached his sovereign to receive the ennobling stroke, and the question usual in such cases was put relative to his name, it not a little puzzled our worthy craftsman, who had received no other cognomen at the baptismal font than Norman, son of Tom. Now, however, as it was obvious that a knight should be supposed of a family of mark sufficient to indulge in the luxury of a surname, our adventurous knight of the shuttle hesitated for a moment whether to pitch his choice upon a derivative (Tomson) from his father's name of Tom, or the given one pertaining to his craft of Webster. True, neither the plebeian patronymic nor yet the craft appellative was particularly pleasing to the soaring views of our aspiring candidate for knighthood's spurs, still he might not hesitate beneath the royal standard and in the presence of the victorious sovereign; moreover, so familiar was his longtime cognomen of Webster, that before he had any chance for deliberation, he had given it unawares in his reply, and now he hears himself proclaimed one of the fraternity of knighthood, as "Rise up, Sir Norman Webster, and be thou a valiant knight and true!" gave a name and rank to the weaver's apprentice, since rendered even more illustrious by those who cared not, perhaps knew not, that it was given to their ancestor on the field of Agincourt.

From the first, our valorous knight was, in a twofold sense, a soldier of fortune, caring not only for fame, but keeping at the same time a sharp lookout for the main chance whenever anything in the way of plunder turned up. Nothing came amiss in the way of booty, from smashed harness to women's kirtles. His great personal strength and invincible courage gained him distinction, while his as indomitable resolve in all cases of emergency to look out for Number One brought him riches. Taking nothing to the wars save these qualifications, backed by the sword abstracted from his father's stall, he returned laden with the spoils of sacked convents and Norman castles; yet were all these outshone by a trophy prouder far than any derived from rifled abbeys or slaughtered leaders, when he presented at Whitehall a young, beautiful, and high-born bride—the daughter of a noble Norman knight, whom he had rescued, "for a consideration," from the field where chieftain and follower lay mangled together. But not to our knight's generosity was Count Vidal indebted for his life when that worthy stood with uplifted sword considering the value of the noble's suit of mail as he lay bleeding there. Since we are telling a veritable tale, we must needs confess the truth. The count offered his vanquisher a sum quite sufficient as a ransom to compensate for permitting him to retain his mail corselet and diamond-hilted rapier for the nonce.

Leading his prisoner to his own tent, our hero had the count's ugly-looking gashes dressed, and treated him with every becoming and humane attention, until he thought him sufficiently recovered to be able to discuss the matter of the ransom. With this intent he began to examine the count's suit of armor and other accoutrements, when he perceived, to his dismay, that what he at first thought to be of great value, was but gilt, mere gloss and tinsel. Discovering this by scraping the gilding with his dagger from the baser metal of the bassinet, our valorous knight threw it contemptuously from him, while giving vent to his imprecations on the pauperism of French peers, who, by resorting to such devices, succeeded in arresting the uplifted swords of England's chivalry, when ready to descend on their worthless heads; and going straightway to the sleeping count, he shook him in no very amiable mood, demanding if he were ready to disburse the sum promised, as he would thereupon liberate him.

Roused from his sleep, the old noble, with genuine Norman sunvity, replied that, anxious to preserve his life, he had spoken without giving due consideration to the fact of his present inability to raise so large a sum as that specified, when, as now, ill and absent from his French estates. Our knight hereupon mused gravely upon this distasteful bit of information, and showing the bassinet from which, in his laudable quest, he had scraped the gilding, he said:

"Hark ye, sir count! In yonder frippery of copper tinsel I have sufficient demonstration on that point! But since you cannot pay what you have yourself volunteered, how much can I rely upon if I liberate you?"

"Most puissant knight," replied the luckless prisoner, "I acted wrongly in promising more than I had any possibility to perform, being, in good sooth, not master of half the sum agreed upon."

"Then, by my knighthood! sir count, you have put a vexatious cheat upon me!" said our hero. "Had you fallen into the hands of a less magnanimous knight than myself, you would soon be taught that it was but a sorry jest to render yourself up a prisoner upon condition of paying a stipulated sum as a ransom; nor must you think that I will be defrauded out of what you can pay me; therefore, to come at once to the point, how much can I rely upon, prithee?"

"Alas! noble sir, not above a tenth of what in my fright I promised, I fear me," replied the count; "still, I will disburse to the extent of my means."

"Then, prithee, set about discharging that same at once, that I may be rid of the cost and charge of your maintenance."

"Right willingly will I do so, sir cavalier, if you will liberate me upon my parole, seeing that here I can raise nothing, and that you have so adroitly rummaged within the folds of my doublet (expertly emptying the pockets therein), that I have not a sou left. If you will accept my parole of honor, I will return to my estates, and there use my utmost endeavors to raise the sum agreed upon."

"Now, by St. George! monsieur, if you think to escape me scot free, after bribing me to save your paltry life at St. Crispin's massacre, you are mistaken! What sort of security, sir count, do you propose to leave that you will perform your engagement?"

"Alack! most puissant knight, I have nothing to leave as a pledge, unless you would accept of a fair daughter, now in the convent of St. Opportune, hard by," replied the luckless count.

"And how know I that she is fair?" returned the knight. "Perhaps she is, like that old tabard of yours, only parcel gilt. Harkee, sir count, can she sew well with her needle? Can she distil herbs for wounds, and brew, and make pasties?"

"I know no one who can bake or brew better?" replied the count.

"Humph! can she darn well with her needle, for that is what I chiefly want?" asked the discourteous English knight.

"Heaven defend me from boasting, sir knight, but to say that Celine can darn your hose, bake, and brew, would be to fall far short of her accomplishments, seeing she can do all manner of curious stitches to blazon banners and broider coats."

"Broideries I care little for," said the knight, "but if she can mend my doublet, I will consider upon the matter, seeing that though a belted knight, I have to darn my own hose and repair my doublet."

"Valorous knight, Celine will not only keep both in good repair, but she can card and spin both wool and flax as well as the noblest dame in Normandy, having been perfected in all useful accomplishments by her aunt, the abbess of the convent of St. Opportune."

Our English knight, upon hearing this lucky piece of intelligence, rubbed his hands in very delight, as he rejoined,

"By the mass! sir count, but your daughter seemeth a clever one! Prithee, how old is she?"

"Not yet seventeen, most worshipful sir; lively as a kitten, fair and graceful as a lily; and sooth to say, it much grieveth me to devote her to a convent."

"And why should so thrifty a damsel be cooped up in a convent, when a belted knight like myself has to darn his own hose and patch his own doublet, for the lack of some one to mend them for him? Now, harkee, sir count! I must first see this daughter of yours, and if she is as fair and well-trained with her needle as you say, and can make pasties and confections, I will accept her instead of the ransom for your paltry life. But suppose she does not like me, have you any money in your beggarly coffers?"

"Alack! not a sou, most valiant knight! but the Lady Celine Vidal knows her place too well, as the daughter of a noble French family, to gainsay her father's wishes in a matter of so little import to herself. Therefore, as I am in somewhat of a hurry to get me back to my estates I will get a friar to draw out a parchment contracting her to you, as well as an order upon her aunt, the abbess, to deliver her up to you as soon as you will that the espousals may take place."

"Not so fast, sir count!" said the knight. "By the mass! but having been cheated once by you already, seemeth to me enough. Not quite so fast, I pray! I must see the damsel with my own eyes first, lest, like the tinsel on your trumpery French gear yonder, she turn out but another cheat you would *parley* me upon me. How do I know that she is but seventeen? Now, monsieur, though I would by no means be understood to speak in any wise disrespectfully of any of the venerable patriarchs, still if that old cheat Laban had tried to impose Leah upon me instead of Rachel, I would have made small matter of flinging him into Jacob's well."

In vain the count essayed to put in a word occasionally, little suspecting that the more he vaunted the amiable as well as industrial qualities of his daughter, the more were both suspected by the doughty knight, who, whenever he essayed to slip in a commendation even edgeways, interrupted him with,

"Harkee, sir count, you have put cheats enow already upon me, I trow; nor will all your talking move me to contract a marriage of your arrangement, until satisfied that the damsel is as comely and well-instructed as you have represented. He who cheats me once, shame for him: but he who cheats me twice, the shame for me."

"Right valiant, sir, why defer going to St. Opportune's at once?" said the count. "Let us go together, when you can see the Lady Celine and judge for yourself."

"Then go we will," said the knight; "for even should I not fancy her, which is very likely, still as it is probable your estates have enow of mortgages already, I may as well take her as wait for any chance of being paid otherwise. So, as it please your countship, we will ride to the convent at once."

The day was fine, and St. Opportune's but a few hours' ride. Thither they jogged right amicably, with this difference—Count Vidal was anxious to effect his liberty by the transfer of his daughter to the rude English knight, who, on the other hand, with the suspicion pertaining to low origin and uncultured mind, began to have sundry misgivings before they reached the convent lest another cheat was about being played upon him by the count, and he grew morose and silent, while moodily cogitating thus:—"Suppose, after all, this damsel be but a trumpery bit of gloss and tinsel, like her father's gilt tabard? Well, and how am I to know? He says she is fair as the rose of Provence. How am I to know that? seeing I am told damsels use ofttimes a distillation of waters from flowers that cunningly gives them a fresh complexion. Then her age. No man should have a wife beyond twenty. Nor should I like to be cheated on that point. Yet many an honorable man, I am told, has been. I must say that I consider this same French count as rather a slippery customer, and seeing I am no competent judge of a woman's age, so long as she be smiling and comely, how could I tell whether she be twenty or forty? It would shame me much to have a wife palmed upon me as being younger than she really is. Yet I am told that the damsels themselves have deceived many good and valiant men on this point."

Meditating thus on the certainty that the French count was seducing him into a matrimonial trap, our doughty knight had wrought himself into a sullen, unsocial mood some time before they reached the convent. Count Vidal, meantime, thinking that the silence of his son-in-law elect arose from the pleasing anticipation of meeting his destined bride, redoubled his complaisance, which however had only the effect of reduplicating the suspicions of his boorish companion. Hoping to propitiate his discourteous captor, thinking him impatient to meet his *fiancée*, he said to him as they alighted at the lodge, "I trust your happiness will be complete, since you will so soon see the Lady Celine."

"Now just please to spare me any more of your *parley-vousing*," said the knight; "but hasten in and summon the girl, that I may see if she be as great a cheat as your old tabard and bassinet."

On hearing this, Count Vidal, who did not understand one word in a sentence of what was spoken by his son-in-law elect, laid his hand on his breast, and, bowing most profoundly, led the way to the convent parlor. Arrived there, and seeing the stately superior rise with decorous urbanity to greet her brother-in-law, and mistaking her for the count's daughter, from her anxious inquiries respecting his health, our malcontent hero broke out with irrepressible indignation, "And do you think to impose that pale, withered old fright on me for a damsel of seventeen? By the rood! were she the Duchess of Anjou, I would take her for no wife of mine!"

During the delivery of this ungallant speech, the stately superior, whose pale brow and tranquil features were exposed from the black veil flung back, looked inquiringly at the count for an explanation, whose attention at this moment was arrested by the clear, silvery tones of his daughter, who, bounding into the room, threw her white arms around his neck, exclaiming, "Dear papa, I see you at last! I so feared the English barbarians had killed you!"

"My daughter, let me present you to my noble preserver," said the count, "condescend, most illustrious knight, to see the damsel of whom I spake—the Lady Celine Vidal."

Never did groom elect comply with such a request more boorishly than did our worthy knight; and never did valiant knight gaze upon a sweeter vision of loveliness than met his gaze in the youthful Lady Celine. Shades of the bright—the beautiful—she was fairer than ye all!

Struck with a loveliness and grace such as he had never even imagined, our uncouth knight no sooner saw the sweet face turned inquiringly towards him, than trying to imitate the count's genuflexions, he laid his huge hand upon his breast, and made a profound obeisance.

"Celine, my child, would you like to be married?" asked the count.

"I am very happy here, papa," replied Celine.

"Ask her if she could fancy me for a husband?" said the straight-forward knight, shuffling awkwardly nearer to the count.

"All in good time, most honored chevalier," returned the count. "I would first that you learned from her own lips of her rare excellence with the needle, as well as in pastry and confections."

"Sir count, I prithee, vex me not with such trifles," said the knight; "but just ask the damsel if she is willing to be my wife?"

"Celine," said her father, "this valiant knight saved my life at Agincourt—how would you feel disposed to accept him for a husband?"

"A barbarian Englishman, papa?" exclaimed Celine.

"What does she say?" again impatiently demanded the knight, drawing nearer, and twitching at the count's doublet. "Will she consent, do you think?"

"All in good time, most honored chevalier—all in good time," said the count; "I am pleading your cause with her."

"What does he ask, papa?" inquired Celine.

"Only that you would consent to become his wife to effect my release."

The color, faint at first, rose to her cheek, deepening over neck and brow, as bending her beautiful head with coquettish modesty behind her aunt's chair, she raised her soft, white hand to draw down her noviciate veil, through the transparent fabric of whose meshes she considered the stalwart proportions of the knight before her. Very soon her decision was made.

"Papa, I would rather be the English knight's *chatelaine*, than stay here shut up in the nunnery," said Celine.

"What does the damsel say?" again interrupted the impatient knight.

"She consents to be your wife," replied the count, "so you can marry her whenever it so pleases you."

"Then, sir count, it pleases me that the rite be performed immediately," said the impatient knight.

"Honored chevalier," returned the count, "a demoiselle of Lady Celine Vidal's rank cannot wed, as might a peasant's daughter, without fitting preparation of wedding garments. Let her therefore tarry here till she be prepared."

"Wedding gear, forsooth!" cried our hero. "Have not I enow of such trumpery? Chests full of kirtles and farthingales, rich and rare enough to deck a duchess—my share of the spoils of rifled Norman castles! I put them all by to save me outlay in case I should meet a damsel to my liking; and now they will save all delay, seeing they are of all sorts and sizes."

When her father explained this to the Lady Celine, truth compels us to say that she made not the slightest objection; nor when on his return to England, Sir Norman Webster presented her at court, then held in Whitehall, did the fair and noble bride feel in the slightest degree scandalized at the manner in which her costly apparel, worn on the occasion, was obtained.

The weaver's apprentice might have sought in vain, despite his great wealth and high military achievements, among the high-born beauties of England for an alliance. But wedded to a noble Norman bride, her high descent, backed by his acquired riches and splendid military repute, gave such a position to their descendants that they afterwards intermarried with the noblest families of the land. And to this day, few, very few of their widely-spread descendants know that their ancient name and crest were won by a weaver's apprentice, or that they owed their origin to the manner in which Count Vidal paid his ransom.

LEAVE-TAKING.—Dr. O. W. Holmes, in his article, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," in the Atlantic Monthly, says:

"Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over?—they want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which, being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, backs them down, metaphorically speaking, stern foremost into their native element of out-doors."

☞ Dr. Bellows is lecturing in Boston on the Diseases of Society. The worst disease with which Society is afflicted just now, is a tightness of the chest.

THE SILVER SHILLING.

My dear Clarence, I beg of you to recognize this simple truth—which those who talk much about benevolence forget—that the great substantial pleasure of life is necessarily *effort for ourself*. My dear Clarence, we don't want your philanthropy—this working painfully for the general good. The philanthropic end is brought in a far more genial manner; and mainly through the instrumentality of our Silver Shilling. Each man has all the keen enduring pleasures of selfishness—of strenuous effort for himself and for his family—whilst working out the very objects of benevolence. For your benevolent sentiment, whatever you may think of it, is, after all, a very weak and mawkish business, when set side by side by the genuine striving after self-advancement. The first passion of all organic nature is what we are pleased to call selfish; the sympathetic and the benevolent are beautiful creations, but are feeble in comparison, like reflected light.

Suppose a traveller, knowing nothing of this subtle "circulating medium," should come—say from the moon, if you will, for we must go far to fetch so unsophisticated a creature—suppose a traveller, ignorant of the subtle operation of the Silver Shilling, should visit our great cities, what a benevolent, what an angelic race he would take us for! Down comes the rain—if he should happen to alight in London, and be plodding through its endless streets—pelting, pitiless, drenching the pedestrian to the skin. Every one flies for shelter. But the rain pursues them. What are the delicate and the infirm to do?—this lady all elegance? Even yonder dandy you pity in his all too permeable attire. But no! every one does not fly. Here are men of heroic mould, heroic garments, cased to the throat in caps of oilskin, who take their stand with horse and covered carriage, ready and solicitous to bear off whomsoever wishes, safe and dry to his own home. Heroic men! they even come forth in greater numbers as the shower threatened. What company of Saints ever performed so acceptable a service? Our traveller must indeed have visited other planets, if he ever met with such ready, constant, serviceable saints as those—who, nevertheless, are not reputed to be saints at all.

There is no end of the heroism he would see displayed in London. Here is a scavenger, up to his knees in liquid mud, shovelling the pestiferous mass into a huge cart; himself all mud, that others may go clean; and most unsavory, that others may breath fresh air. Greater self-denial can no man show—a more trying martyrdom no man endure. Our traveller, coming from the moon, where, doubtless, all is done for honor and the public good, looks eagerly for the "order of merit," which surely must be glittering round the neck of this burly philanthropist. In his enthusiasm, he perhaps snatches some moonshine of this description from his own neck, and, stretching from the pavement, seeks to hang it on the bosom of his hero. Quite unnecessary. The silver medal in his breeches' pocket has done it all.

How would Utopia ever get its scavenger? Is there any way of feeding and rearing a man at the public expense, by which one could develope him into a scavenger? What sort of *beebread*, I wonder, would convert an ordinary worker, in our human hive, into so remarkable a "busy bee," one of so abnormal an industry? My notion is, that without the Silver Shilling one must go back to the days of the captive and the scourge—back to those times when nations warred with nations, and *stole* each other, and so got their scavengers and the like.

These men of heroic lives, these huge coal-heavers and those who dive into sewers, or work in the dark bowels of the earth, what college, or what pious institutions, raised these self-devoted? The ale-house rears them; gin and porter inspire them; their speech is very rude; very little tenderness or sentiment of any kind will you get from that saviour, pounding with his huge pestle those granite blocks;—I am afraid he would pound your ribs, if they were under his pestle, with almost as little remorse. But see what they *do*. What are systems of philosophy, or systems of theology, your institutions, and your churches, to what these rude men effect—what only such men *could* accomplish? Admire with me how the magic of the Silver Shilling has constrained such men to the severest works of patriotism and philanthropy.

There would be no end to the astonishment of our moon-born traveller. Have you a want? Have you a whim? Down every street you wander, what kind solicitude to gratify it! Silk, and gold, and jewels, and bland services to offer them, and smiling at you as you carry them away. I know not whether his astonishment would be greater at all this practical philanthropy, or on the discovery of that beautiful invention of the Silver Shilling, by which it is all brought about.—*Thorndale, by William South.*

AN EARLY ACCOUNT OF TOBACCO.—Girolamo Benzoni, who travelled in America from 1541 to 1556, gives in his work, now recently translated from the Italian, the following account of tobacco which he first saw at Hispaniola:—

"In this island, as also in other provinces of these new countries, there are some bushes, not very large, like reeds, that produce a leaf in shape like that of the walnut, though rather larger, which (where it is used) is held in great esteem by the natives, and very much prized by the slaves, whom the Spaniards have brought from Ethiopia. When these leaves are in season, they pick them, tie them up in bundles, and suspend them near their fire-place till they are very dry; and when they wish to use them, they take a leaf of their grain (maize) and putting one of the other into it, they roll them round tight together; then they set fire to one end, and putting the other end into the mouth, they draw their breath up through it, wherefore the smoke goes into the mouth, the throat, the head, and they retain it as long as they can, for they find a pleasure in it, and so much do they fill themselves with this cruel smoke, that they lose their reason. And there are some who take so much of it, that they fall down as if they were dead, and remain the greater part of the day or night stupified. Some men are found, who are content with imbibing only enough of this smoke to make them giddy, and no more. See what a pestiferous and wicked poison from the devil this must be. It has happened to me several times, that, going through the provinces of *Guatemala* and *Nicaragua*, I have entered the house of an Indian who had taken this herb, which in the Mexican language is called *tobacco*, and immediately perceiving the sharp fetid smell of this truly diabolical and stinking smoke, I was obliged to go away in haste, and seek some other place."

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Interesting Facts in its History.

The following passages in the history of the Bank of England, are interesting at this time:

FOUNDATION OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

1694.—The commencement of an era of wild speculation, which gave birth to a multitude of gigantic schemes, including the Darien Company and the great South Sea bubble. Among the infinite variety of projects to which the popular mania gave rise were, however, two which have conferred great benefits on the English people—the New River Company and the Bank of England. The latter institution received the charter of incorporation on the 27th of July in this year. The conception of the plan on which it was founded, is attributed by some writers to Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, and by others to William Patterson, the projector of the Bank of Scotland, and the originator of the Darien Company. The immediate results of its establishment were to lower the rate of discount on foreign bills to 6 per cent., to relieve the government from borrowing at usurious rates of interest on the public securities, to give life and currency to double and treble the value of the capital in other branches of the public credit, and to secure the success of the campaign of 1695, and subsequently the conclusion of peace, in 1697. The bank traded on the deposits of its customers, and, when first established, allowed interest for running cash. D'Avenant complains of this as being a continual bar to industry.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS BY THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

1695.—Owing to the various difficulties, among others to those arising from the re-coinage of the silver, the Bank of England was compelled temporarily to suspend specie payments. The coins had been diminished by clipping and filing; the bank had received the clipped money at its full value, and when the notes issued by it in exchange came in, there was not sufficient specie to meet the daily demand. Had it paid in full, it must soon have been drained of specie, so it resorted to the plan of paying cash at first in instalments of 10 per cent. once a fortnight, and afterwards 3 per cent. once in three months. That the institution was not discredited by this arrangement was proved from sealed bills bearing interest being received by their creditors in lieu of specie. Other vigorous measures were resorted to by the directors to meet their difficulties, and so great was the confidence inspired by the prudence with which the affairs of the bank were conducted that it received from the government great additional privileges, including an extension of its charter to 1710. Of the rapidity with which bank stock rose in value, we have the evidence of the fact that stock given to the proprietors in exchange for tallies at fifty per cent. discount, rose to 112 per cent.

1697.—A proposal was made this year "that the Bank of England be branched into every city and market town in England; and that the several branches be accountable to the general bank in London for the profits of their respective branches." This project seems to have fallen stillborn on public attention, though there is no doubt that it would have saved the country from many severe crises. At a later period it will be seen, the plan was partially carried into effect.

SECOND SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS BY THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

1797.—This year witnessed another suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England. This measure, which went into operation on the 27th of February, was necessitated by a variety of causes. The subsidies granted by England to foreign nations—the duplication of the national debt—apprehensions of an invasion—the pressing and continually increasing wants of the government, and the gradual diminution of gold in the coffers of the bank, during the previous twelve months, to the low figure of £1,272,000, all combined to render it imperative. Had the minister been guided by the advice and remonstrances of the directors, this measure might have been avoided. Mr. Fox thus characterized it in his place in Parliament:—"For the first time since the revolution an act was done which struck at the foundation of public credit by seizing the money belonging to individuals." It was the opinion of many of the practical men of the time, that the bank might have escaped the difficulty by increasing instead of diminishing its circulation.

Mr. Henry Thornton stated to the Parliamentary Committee that "it was the want of bank notes and not of guineas that was felt." The contraction preceding the suspension of specie payments had been very great. On the 25th of February the notes were reduced to one fourth of the sum at which they stood at the beginning of the year. It must be remembered, however, that the directors were in a critical position. Between the advances demanded by government or the safety of the country and the large discounts required for the extensive mercantile operations carried on, they were reduced to the necessity of taking a step which must have cost them many painful struggles.

In this year an act was passed authorizing the issue of bank notes under £5, and a large quantity of dollars supplied by the bank and stamped by the mint were put in circulation and taken in exchange for the notes of the bank. The latter soon, however, fell into disfavor, and on the 31st of Oct. were called in.

The report of the secret committee of the House of Commons, printed in November, shows the condition of the bank on the 11th of that month. Outstanding demands, £17,578,910; funds for discharging the same, (not including £11,686,800 due from government), £21,418,460. Notwithstanding their affluent condition, however, the bank restriction act, passed in May, prevented the directors from reverting to cash payments.

1800.—The bank charter was again renewed this year, on consideration of a further loan of three millions advanced to the government for six years, without interest, with the right of claiming re-payment at any time before the expiration of six years, if consols should be at or above 80 per cent. The directors were, however, to allow 6 per cent. per annum on the sum repaid for the time that had to lapse. In return for this payment they were to enjoy among other advantages, the privilege of holding the public balances in their possession.

1802.—Conclusion of the peace of Amiens. An act was passed in April of this year, further restricting the bank from resuming specie payments before the 1st of March, 1803.

1803.—The Bank of England lost upwards of £300,000 this year by the celebrated fraud, in the transfer of exchequer bills, committed by Mr. Robert Astlett, its cashier.

Another bill was passed further extending the restriction of cash payments by the bank, until six months after a definitive treaty of peace. In the discussion on this measure, the Chancellor of the Exchequer remarked that "it was very much to the credit of the bank that it had not abused the discretion given it, with a view to its own private profits."

1807.—The bank dividends were raised from 7 to 10 per cent., free of income tax, at which rate they remained until 1822.

1808.—A revision of the public expenditure having been recommended by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the bank agreed to withdraw £500,000 from the unclaimed dividends for the use of the public, to make an economy on the management of the loans of £70,000 per annum, and to advance a further loan of £3,000,000 to the State, on the security of exchequer bills, to be made payable from the signing of a definitive treaty of peace.

1811.—Efforts were made by Mr. Horner and others in Parliament to bring about a resumption of payments in specie. Lord King distinguished himself by refusing to receive the rents of his estate in the bank issues. To meet these attacks on the currency of the bank, Lord Stanhope's act was passed, declaring it illegal to receive or give more than twenty-one shillings for a guinea, or less than twenty shillings for a one pound note. In the discussion upon this measure, Earl Stanhope said, "the bank is one of the bottom planks of the ship of England, and we be to us if we permit it to be bored through."

At one period in this year, the market price of gold touched £5 11s., and the bank notes sunk to 14s.

1814.—This year was concocted and carried into execution the celebrated stock exchange conspiracy, to circulate a false report of Bonaparte's death, and of the entry of the allies into Paris, with which the name of the present Earl of Dundonald (Lord Cochrane,) was so painfully, and it is to be hoped, erroneously associated. Of the extensive character of this fraud, some idea may be formed from the fact that on the Saturday preceding the Monday on which the deception was attempted consols and omnium, to the extent of £826,000, were purchased for various individuals, many of whom were seriously implicated.

1815.—On the restoration of peace, the bank restriction was continued by a new act, until the 5th July, 1816.

1816.—Renewal of the bank restriction act to July, 1818. This year and the last, were periods of great commercial depression. During their continuance there occurred 5,014 bankruptcies, of which 63 were bankers. The profits acquired by the Bank of England from the restriction of specie payments enabled it to make this year an addition of twenty-five per cent. to the capital stock of each proprietor. By act of Parliament the capital of the establishment was increased from £11,642,400 to £14,553,000 at which amount it now remains. For this privilege the directors were compelled to pay the government a bonus of about £80,000, in the shape of a loan, without interest.

1817.—The Bank of England announced that after the 2d of May, this year, it would pay cash for all its notes of one and two pounds, dated prior to the 1st of January, 1816, or exchange them for new notes of the same value. The confidence of the public was, however, so great, that scarcely any of their notes was sent in. A further notice was issued that after the 1st day of October they would be ready to pay gold for all their notes dated prior to 1st of January, 1817. The bullion speculators now stepped in, took advantage of the exchanges, and sent more than five millions to the continent. Parliament was compelled to interfere, and an act was passed restraining the bank from paying any more of their notes.

1818.—The value of bank paper, which in 1816 was about 10¾ per cent. below that of gold, sold this year to within 2½ per cent. of bullion.

1819.—Passage of Mr. Peel's celebrated currency bill. By this bill, provision was made for the resumption of specie payments by the bank, and all the former acts restraining the exportation of gold, or prohibiting it from being melted, were repealed. This act was the inauguration of the great principle enunciated by Mr. Peel—that the National Bank should always be prepared to pay specie for its notes on demand—a principle which he subsequently worked out in his bank charter of 1844.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS BY THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

1821.—After a quarter of a century, the bank recommenced specie payments, being a year before the period fixed by Mr. Peel's act.

1822.—The rate of interest was fixed by the bank at 4 per cent.

1823.—Bank stock fell this year 16 per cent., in consequence of an unexpected reduction of the dividend from 5 to 4 per cent.

PANIC OF 1825—NARROW ESCAPE OF THE BANK FROM ANOTHER SUSPENSION.

1824-5.—Discovery of the celebrated Fauntleroy forgeries. This period is also remarkable for the spirit of speculation which again infected the country. Joint-stock companies of every kind were put forward, and eagerly taken up. In 1824 and 1825, no less than 624 new ones made their appearance. To the prospectus of one company was attached the name of a Prince of the Blood, to another that of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Tooke says that the quantity of gold expected from the South American mines was so great that many well informed persons acted on the belief of a diminished value in gold and silver in consequence.

The subtraction from the bank coffers by November, 1825, of seven millions and a half, resulting from the spirit of adventure, and the unfavorable character of the foreign exchanges, led to a terrible panic. Some of the first banking houses in the city and numbers in the provinces fell. Whilst the Bank of England was without the issue of a single pound note, curious to say, the country bankers, some of whom were mere retail shopkeepers, had deluged the provinces with millions. At such a time, of course, these notes were next to valueless. The distress caused by this state of things was heartrending. "There was literally," says Mr. Francis, "a whole population, with food in abundance staring them in the face, unable to procure it, and nothing but gold would be taken. The agitation of the city exceeded everything that had been witnessed for a century. The funds fluctuated violently. The usual channels of credit were stopped, and the circulation of the company was completely deranged.

"The gloom spread to the Exchange. Exchequer bills fell to sixty-five shillings discount, and the brokers closed their books and refused to engage in any transactions whatever. The Bank of England proved itself, as usual, equal to the emergency. Within a short space of three weeks it doubled its discounts and made advances to an immense amount of deposits of bills of exchange, and even of title deeds. So great was the demand made upon the bank itself for gold, from the 11th to the 14th of December, that a doubt was seriously entertained whether this institution would be able to stem the torrent. The directors had, however, determined to pay out to their last guinea."

It was in fact, the merest accident that saved the bank. When it closed its doors on Saturday, December 17, it had, according to the official returns, only £1,027,000 remaining in its cellars—according to Lord Ashburton's pamphlet, only a few thousand pounds. In this state of things the incidental mention of there being a box of one pound notes ready to issue, suggested the means of safety. Permission was obtained from Government to circulate them, and this put a stop to the run, thereby proving the correctness of Mr. Thornton's declaration, in 1797, that it was more the want of small change of well ascertained value, than a necessity for gold, that was felt among the holders of small notes.

"Those one pound notes," says Mr. Harman, "worked wonders. As far as my judgment goes, they saved the country." Within a week from the issue the peril had passed away. The Government, in order to afford additional relief to the money market, gave directions for the purchase by the Bank of Exchequer bills to the amount of $2,000,000, repayment to be made within four months.

1826.—By agreement with the Government this year, the Bank of England consented to give up its exclusive privileges as to the number of partners engaged in banking, except within a certain distance (65 miles) of the metropolis. It also agreed to establish branch banks in different parts of the kingdom. A bill was passed in February to prohibit the circulation, beyond the 5th of February, 1829, of all promissory notes payable to the bearer on demand, issued by English bankers, and stamped on the 5th February, 1826, or previously.

1844.—Upon the renewal of the charter of the Bank in this year, Sir Robert Peel brought about important modifications, the principal one being the limitation of the issues to the amount of securities held by the Government, on fourteen millions pounds sterling.

PRESENT CHARTER AND CONDITION OF THE BANK.—The revised charter separates the departments of issue and of general banking. The former is permitted to employ £14,475,000 Government Stocks as a basis of circulation, together with nearly the entire stock of bullion belonging to the establishment. As the bullion rises or falls, so rise and fall the authorized issue of notes. The notes are made the legal tender in the banking department, which usually holds only a few hundred thousand pounds in coin for the convenience of change in daily transactions. Its reserve of notes is its main dependence in granting new accommodations, and in paying the checks of its depositors. These notes being nearly exhausted on the 11th of November, a general suspension of payments in the legal tender, or a complete arrest of all new business by the department of the bank, must have ensued in a day or two but for the act of grace by the Government. A summary order in Council, therefore, suspended the penalties of the charter, *to avert suspension by the bank itself.* The establishment had exhausted its power of issue *and circulation.* Its bullion was locked up in the issue department, and the public had about 95 per cent. of its notes, besides being clamorous for further accommodation at 10 per cent. interest. The banking Department was responsible for £11,000,000 private deposits, besides the public deposits of the Government, *and had neither gold nor notes to pay with*, when the Government steps in and authorizes a forced issue of notes, not secured, as directed by charter, to meet the emergency. True, the operation is in no sense a suspension of specie payments upon the legal issues of the Bank. These payments continue, as usual, while the stock of bullion locked up in the issue department remains good.

On the 9th and 10th there were large withdrawals of gold (involving, of course, the cancellation of a corresponding sum of notes,) to aid the banks in Scotland, and large applications for accommodations in London, which cannot have further lessened the reserve of notes; and the weekly report of the 11th of November, when received here, will probably show that the Bank was quite as nearly run down on the evening of that day as the New York and the Philadelphia banks were on the evening preceding their suspensions. The extent to which the Bank of England, for the sake of its dealers and the public may avail itself of this privilege of expansion, is a question to be determined by subsequent arrivals. An emergency somewhat similar occurred in 1847. A like order in Council was then granted, but the mere proclamation of relief saved the Bank from an infringement of the Peel Act of 1844. Money instantaneously poured into its coffers from every quarter, and the note circulation was enlarged legitimately. During the late war with Russia, a similar difficulty was also threatened, but never occurred: the only provision made by the Government being the addition of £475,000 to the public stock security of the issue department. This small sum was added because the Provincial Bank circulation, authorized by the Peel Act, as high as eight millions sterling over and above the bullion on hand, only averaged £7,525,000. Of the relief to the trading and banking classes of the kingdom, there would seem to be no question, and the influence of the restoration of confidence will do a world of good on this side the Atlantic by restoring our export movement to something like consistency.

The Bank commenced business in 1694, with fifty-four assistants, the salaries of whom amounted to £4,350. The total number employed in the year 1850, was upwards of nine hundred, and their salaries exceeded £210,000, or $1,000,000. The supreme management of the Bank is vested in the whole Court of Directors, which meets weekly, when a statement is read of the position of the Bank in its securities, bullion and liabilities. The directors have equal power, and should a majority disapprove of the arrangement, they might reconstruct it. Eight of them go out and eight come in annually, elected by the court of proprietors; and the system on which the affairs of the Bank are conducted, is of course liable to change, as new directors may exert their influence on it. A list of candidates is transmitted to the court of proprietors, and the eight so recommended uniformly come in. Quakers and Hebrews are not eligible, although many of these sects are so well versed in monetary matters. When an individual is proposed as a new director, inquiry is always instituted concerning his private character. The qualification is the possession of the bank stock to the amount of £200, of the Deputy-Governor £300, and of the Governor £400. For many years the directors have adhered to the practice of possessing only the amount of qualification, and when the 25 per cent. bonus on stock was given to the proprietors, they merely retained their previous amount. They are responsible for the management of the affairs of the bank, and penalties attach to their conduct, individually or collectively, upon certain occasions; but by the charter they are not responsible for the management of the monetary department to government, and the whole security which the public have for that management depends on their discretion, subject to the new charter.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE IN MISSOURI.

The growing interest of the public in the cultivation of this new sugar-producing plant, induces me to lay before it the result of my experiment.

On account of the late spring, I planted, May 16th, five acres on a high ridge of new ground, from which the trees and undergrowth had been *shrubbed.* Found great difficulty in having it "broken up," on account of stumps and roots. The seeds were planted in hills, three feet apart each way, and covered about one inch; about June 1st it began to pierce the ground; about August 15th, the most forward plants were headed out, and those were ripe about September 5th.

I did not guard against the cultivation of broom or dourah corn in the neighborhood, being well satisfied that this species of plants could not hybridize. I was a little surprised to find the contrary asserted by almost every one who experimented with it last year. A moment's reflection will satisfy any one that it is impossible to hybridize it, from the fact that the process of fecundation is accomplished before the flower opens, as is the case with cereals.

About the time I planted mine, I induced several persons to plant small patches in different soils, so as to ascertain what difference there would be in the richness of the juice.

Having procured a horse-power mill, with cast iron rollers two feet in diameter, and three kettles of sixty-five, forty-five and twenty-five gallons capacity, on the 15th of September I commenced crushing and boiling.

The first lot, grown by Mr. E. Guibourd on a spot of old ground, well manured in the spring, one-tenth of an acre, gave about six gallons syrup, with the thermometer at 80 degrees. Baume's sacharometer stood at 4½ deg. Taking twelve gallons of juice for one of syrup, rate per acre, sixty gallons. Another lot, from a rich, low, and well manured one-sixth of an acre, grown by L. C. Menard, Esq., gave about twenty gallons, thermometer 80, Baume 5. Ten gallons of juice to one of syrup, rate per acre, 120 gallons. Another lot, grown by Hon C. C. Zeigler, on an old field in the rich alluvial Mississippi bottom, was about like the first.

A lot of some two acres, grown by Mr. A. St. Gemme in the Mississippi bottom, soil light sandy loam, not cultivated since the flood of 1844, gave some three hundred gallons—seven gallons juice making one of syrup with thermometer at 80 deg. Baume's sacharometer stood at 8 deg.; rate per acre, 150 gallons. The next lot crushed was my own; with thermometer at 80 deg., Baume's sacharometer stood at 7½ to 8 deg., indicating a density equal to the Louisiana cane juice, six gallons juice making one of syrup. It was impossible to obtain even a half acre with a good stand from which to ascertain the rate per acre; but I have no doubt an acre with a good stand would make over two hundred gallons. These tests seem to confirm the already expressed opinion that the best soil for the cultivation of the Sorgho is new upland, or a new, light, sandy-bottom soil. It is, no doubt, like the common cane, a very exhausting crop, and unless some better manure than stable manure is discovered, it will be impossible to cultivate it for more than three years consecutively on the same soil.

It has been suggested that the crushed cane (*bagass*) would make a good manure, but its slow decomposition will prevent its use.

The successful cultivation of this plant requires that it should be planted in drills, about four feet apart and nine inches in the rows; in this way I *believe* three hundred gallons of syrup can be raised on an acre. I doubt if four hundred gallons per acre can be raised in this State, although experimenters in South Carolina and Georgia state this is the average with them. Either there is a difference in the climate or soil, in their favor over that of our State.

I have finally come to the conclusion that two hundred gallons, (3 barrels) of syrup will be the average yield here—oftener under than above these figures.

As the plant yields from 500 to 1,000 bundles of fodder and 25 to 40 bushels of seed, equal to corn for feeding, which will more than pay for the cultivation; even should the syrup fell to 25 cents per gallon, it will yet be the best paying crop we have.

The syrup can be manufactured at from 5 to 10 cents per gallon, depending on the locality for fuel, and the capacity of the mill and kettles. My mill crushed an average of twelve hundred gallons per day—the three kettles keeping up with the mill. Wood costs $3 per cord, and my expenses amounted to about 3 cents per gallon to manufacture.

I found on trial that horses, cattle and hogs prefer the seed to corn, and, although the Mobile Mercury, and other papers, have stated that it would poison stock, I know, from personal experience—having fed it to horses, cattle and hogs for more than one month—that it is more nutritious, and preferred by them to corn.

I found much difficulty in manufacturing according to directions of experimenters. I would advise the operator to provide himself with three kettles of the relative capacity of mine, provided with six guards six inches high. The juice, which should be conducted from the mill into a large receiver close by the kettles, is placed in all three kettles, and boiled as rapidly as possible; and as soon as the juice is sufficiently reduced, transfer it from the largest or first into the second, and fill up the first with fresh juice. Keep filling up from the first to second and second to third, straining through an open blanket into the third, and push the fires as much as possible.

The syrup, which is made in the small kettle, is concentrated, when the syrup drops on the side of the ladle, and breaks off as if made into candy; or when Baume's sacharometer, applied to the juice at a temperature of 200 degrees Fahrenheit, shows 35 degrees, and 40 degrees cold.

The operator should add lime, diluted to the consistency of cream, as soon as the juice is put into the kettle, until litimus paper, dipped in the juice, retains its color. As long as any acid remains it will turn red. While the juice is boiling, a half pint of potash water, made by dissolving one pound of potash in four gallons of water, should be thrown into the first and second kettles until no more feculent matter or green scum rises to the surface. This is the best clarifier yet discovered. Care must be taken not to permit the juice in the kettles to get below the fire line on the kettles, as the syrup will be scorched. By no means attempt to concentrate with a slow fire. The juice, in rapid boiling, continually changes from the bottom, and thus prevents scorching.

If vegetable albumen, made by steeping bark of the slippery elm (*ulmus fulva*) in water for twenty-four hours and cleaning off all the glutinous matter with the hand, is added (about one pint to five gallons) in the last kettle it will much improve the color of the syrup.

The syrup sells readily here at one dollar per gallon.

I am satisfied from my experiment that the manufacture of sugar in large quantities from this plant will not pay; either the Sorgho since its importation into China from Africa has much deteriorated, or it is one of the varieties of the African "Imphee," which will not grain readily.

Respectfully, J. F. ST. JAMES.

St. Genevieve, Mo., Oct. 25, 1857.

A VERY POLITE GENTLEMAN.—The politeness of the Duc de Coislin was so great, that, on a foreign ambassador paying him a visit, he wished to accompany him to the street. But the ambassador, himself a very polite man, would not permit it. Hence arose a contest of politeness between them, in which the ambassador saw that Coislin could only be vanquished by a bold stroke. In consequence, on arriving in the passage, he locked the door, to prevent the duke following him. M. de Coislin, quite in despair, opened one of the windows, and, not frightened at the drop, jumped out into the street in time to bow the ambassador into his carriage.

In exemplifying his politeness, the duke had sustained no other injury than putting his thumb out of joint. The king, on hearing of it, sent his surgeon, Felix, to set it. When the thumb was set, the duke wished to conduct the surgeon to the stair-head. The surgeon resisted; there was a struggle as to the possession of the door, and the unlucky thumb was put out again.—*Memoirs of Marshal St. Simon.*

LETTING HIMSELF DOWN.—The Springfield *Republican* relates that a Hibernian of more zeal than discretion, who is employed at the Hampden House in that city, having been sent into the upper story of the house for an article needed in the kitchen, concluded that the quickest and easiest way would be to go down upon the "dumb waiter" with it. Unfortunately for his little scheme Patrick found, after getting upon the top of the "dummy," that the ropes were out of order and wouldn't work. In this dilemma, and still standing on the top of the dummy, he untied the rope above his head, and, as a matter of course, was immediately precipitated with great violence down a distance of four stories, "barking" his person in several places. He remarked upon being liberated, "shure he was nearly kilt, entirely," and furthermore, forswore all dumb waiters from that time forth. His escape from serious injury was wonderful.

THE JUST AND TRUE.—One strong thing I find here below—the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead for thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victories on behalf of it, I would advise thee to still halt, fling down thy baton, and say, "in God's name, no." Thy "success?" What will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes annihilated and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark, all cold, eyeless, deaf, no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles visible or audible, to thee again, to all forevers: what kind of success is that?—*Thomas Carlyle.*

A ROYAL FREAK.—It appears by a letter from some one in the neighborhood of the Drachenfels, where the heir to Queen Victoria was lately sojourning, that the Prince one morning distinguished himself in a rather peculiar manner. He collected all the loose boys of the district—all the thorough Teuton blackguards available—and, showing them a prize of ten dollars, he promised that this money should be handed over to the boy who, in a race, was first at the summit of a particular rock. But the Prince conditioned that he himself should be a competitor, and on a trial of speed and wind the future King outran the plebeians, crowned the mountain first, and could if he pleased—which he graciously didn't—have re-pocketed the dollars.

A YOUTHFUL GENIUS.—Pascal was the great genius of his time. At twelve years of age, says Chateaubriand, he invented a system of mathematics; at sixteen he wrote the most learned treatise on conic sections that had been seen for centuries; at nineteen, reduced to machinery a science that exists entirely in the mind; at twenty-three, demonstrated the phenomenon of the weight of the air, and destroyed one of the greatest errors of ancient physics; and by his thirty-ninth year, had established the language which was used in Racine's plays and Bossuet's orations.

SCENE ON BUNKER HILL.—A Boston gentleman took a friend of his, an Englishman, to see the monument, when, arriving upon the ground, the Englishman said—"Why, it looks very much like one of our chimneys at 'ome." "It is a chimney," replied the other, "that is, a chimney that carries off the smoke from a fire that will never cease to burn." Englishman—"Oh, ah!"

☞ Wit is the god of moments, but genius is the god of ages.

☞ "A borrowed horse and your own spurs make short miles," is a Danish rendering of a universal practice.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been dull under the discouraging advices from Europe, and prices have favored buyers. There has been very little inquiry for export, and only 3000 bbls standard and good brands have been sold; superfine at $5.25@5.31½ ₱ bbl; extra at $5.62½@5.75; and extra family and fancy lots at $5.25@6.75, including 2000 bbls extra at $5.25@5.55. Some scraped so-d at $5, and middlings at $3.75@4. There has been a steady inquiry for home consumption within the range of the above quotations. Rye Flour is dull, but the stock is light. Small sales at $4.50. Corn Meal has met a very limited inquiry, and prices have declined 6½c ₱ bbl. 1000 bbls Penna sold at $3.12½, and one lot at $3.06½.

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for Wheat during the past week, but at a decline of 1@2c ₱ bush from the rates which prevailed at the closing of our last report. The sales comprise 26,000 bush Southern and Penna, ranging from $1.10@1.25 for ordinary and prime red, and $1.18@1.36 for white, mostly of the latter description, at $1.28@1.33. Rye has advanced; 4000 bush sold at 75c for Southern, and 75@78c for Penna. There has been an active inquiry for Corn, and about 30,000 bush sold at 80@81c for old yellow, 70c for old and new mixed, and 59@67c for new. Oats are in good request and have advanced; sales of 12,000 bush at 33@32c for Delaware, and 35½@36c for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The receipts of all kinds from the West thus far have been moderate. Of Pork the stock here is extremely light. Sales of Western and city packed Mess at $19@19.50, cash, and prime at 17@17.50, which is a decline. The sales of City packed Mess Beef are confined to small lots for ship's stores at $18 ₱ barrel cash. Bacon has been but little inquired after, and there is but little here. Small sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 9@13c; Sides at 12c, and Shoulders at 11c ₱ lb. on time. A lot of 16 casks green Shoulders, the first arrival of the season, sold at about 9c, and some at 8½c. Hams are worth 10@11½c. Lard has been but little inquired after, and we again reduce our quotations. Sales of 150 barrels new at 12c, and 500 kegs at 13c ₱ lb. cash. Country ranges from 10 to 11c. Butter—The demand has materially increased, but prices are unchanged. Sales of Western solid packed at 12@12½c ₱ lb. cash, and Roll at 11@20c. Prices of Eggs and Cheese continue as last quoted.

BARK—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron Bark continues small, and it is in steady demand. Sales of 50 hhds No 1 at $30 ₱ ton. In Tanners' Bark no sales have come under our notice.

BEESWAX—Is in better demand, and 6000 lbs good yellow sold at 27c ₱ lb. cash.

CANDLES—The demand has been quite fair, and the sales reported comprise 2000 boxes city manufactured Adamantine at 9c ₱ lb, on time, and 2000 boxes Western, on private terms. Sperm and Tallow are dull.

COAL—The receipts by canal are now about over for the season. There has been rather more inquiry for the smaller sizes, for Eastern markets, and an increased demand for home consumption, but prices remain without quotable change. The cargo rates are $3.75@3.90 ₱ ton for Schuylkill. White Ash, free on board at Richmond, and $1@1.15, cash, for Red Ash. In Bituminous Coal nothing doing.

COFFEE—The market continues quiet. The demand has been limited. Sales of 1400 bags Rio at 9¾@10¼c ₱ lb, on time, and 2000 bags by Auction, at 9¾@10c, cash and 4 mos, averaging 80.44. There was a good attendance of the Trade, and the bidding was spirited.

COPPER—Is very dull, but we continue our quotations for both English Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal.

COTTON—The market has been quiet. The receipts and stocks continue very small, and the demand has been limited. Sales of 120 bales at 13@14¼c ₱ lb, cash, the latter only for Middling Fair Upland.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been very little doing. Among the sales were 150 casks Soda Ash at 2¾@3¼c, 6 months; Sal Soda at 2¼c. Dupont's Refined Saltpetre at 13@16c ₱ lb, and two cargoes of Logwood on private terms.

FEATHERS—But few offering, and but little demand for them. Small sales of good Western at 45@50c ₱ lb.

FISH—Mackerel continues dull. There is no demand except in small lots from store, at $12 ₱ bbl for medium No 1's; $11 for No 2's, and $9 for No 3's. Cod-fish sell in a small way at $3.50@3.62½, and Herring at $1.25 ₱ bbl.

FRUIT—There has been less inquiry for Raisins, and in some instances rather lower rates have been accepted. 100 frails Seedless de sold on terms kept private. The receipts of most descriptions of domestic Fruit are increasing. Sales of Dried Apples, in lots, at 6@7c ₱ lb. Green Apples range from $1 to $3.50 ₱ bbl, and Cranberries from $6 to $7.50, as to quality.

GINSENG—But little offering. Small sales of Crude at 45@50c ₱ lb.

GUANO—The demand has about ceased, and the quotations may be considered as nominal.

HEMP—Continues exceedingly quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—Are dull, and the stock has been increased by further arrivals.

HOPS—The demand continues quite limited, and the sales have been only in a small way, at 9@12c ₱ lb for new Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—Prices are firm, but no further transactions have come under our notice.

IRON—The market continues extremely quiet. The demand for Pig Metal has been limited, and sales are only in small lots, at $25 ₱ ton, 6 months for No. 1, and $23 for No. 2's. 500 tons No. 2 were disposed of on private terms. Scotch Pig is entirely nominal in price. Blooms are held at former rates, but nothing doing. No change in Bar or Boiler Iron.

LEAD—Is dull and has declined. A sale of English was made at $5.50, on time, without interest.

LEATHER—There has been a fair inquiry for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are well maintained.

LUMBER—The transactions have been of an unimportant character. Among these were some Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards, at $18@18.50 ₱ M feet; W. O. hhd Staves at $50; do bbl do at $23@30; R. O. hhd do at $12@15, and do bbl do at $10@11 ₱ M. About 60,000 laths sold on terms not made public.

MOLASSES—The market continues extremely quiet, and the stock is becoming reduced by considerable shipments to the Eastward. The only sales reported are 250 bbls New York Syrup, on terms not made public; 23 bbls Cuba Muscovado at 23c; 20 hhds do, by auction, at 29c; 75 bbls do at 25c, and 220 bbls Syrup at 24@37c, cash.

NAVAL STORES—But little doing, and the stocks are very much reduced. An invoice of Pine Rosin, to arrive, sold on terms not made public, and 500 bbls No 3 and 2 at $1.60@2.25. In Pitch no transactions have been on a very restricted scale. Tar is dull at $1.50. Spirits of Turpentine meets a moderate inquiry, but prices are unchanged. Sales at 40@42c cash.

OILS—Linseed Oil has again declined; sales were made at 55@56c, cash. The demand for Whale Oil, from store, has increased, within the range of our quotations, but Winter Sperm is dull at $1.40. There has been more inquiry for Red Oil, and the stock in first hands is extremely light. We quote at 60c, cash. The stock of Lard Oil is very much reduced, and there is rather more demand for it. Small sales of Winter at 85@90c, ca-h, and $1.05, on time.

PLASTER—But little offering. The last sale of Soft was at $2.75 ₱ ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited; the receipts and stock light, and the sales only in a retail way at 3¾@4c. cash.

SALT—Prices have undergone no change. A cargo of Turks Island is bid at about 22c ₱ bush.

SEEDS—The demand for Clover seed continues unabated, but there is more coming in. Sales of 400 bush fair and prime quality at 8.50@8.75 ₱ 64 lbs, mostly at our highest figure, and 150 bags reclaimed to go out of the market, on terms kept private.

SPIRITS—There has been rather more inquiry for Brandy and Gin, but without change in prices. N E Rum sells from 45@50c. Whiskey continues in good demand, with sales of 600 bbls Ohio at 24½@25c, chiefly at the former rates; Penna at 23½@, bbls at 24c, and Drudge at 21@21½c.

SUGAR—The market has been rather dull, as prices are weak. Sales of 530 hhds, 100 bbls Cuba, at 6 7-16c ₱ lb. on time, and 700 bags Havana on private terms.

TALLOW—Demand limited. Small sales of Rendered at 9½@9¾c ₱ lb. cash.

TEAS—Are dull, and for both Blacks and Greens prices favor buyers.

TOBACCO—Has met a very limited inquiry, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured are confined to the wants of the trade.

WINES—No sales have come under our notice.

WOOL—There have been a few Eastern buyers looking through the market, and the trade report a more encouraging aspect; sales of 10,000 lbs pulled from 29 to 33c ₱ lb. cash.

ORIGIN OF A NAME.—It is said that Basil Valentine, a monk of Erfurth, while engaged in his alchemical labors, threw some of the preparations of antimony where pigs had access to the mixture with their food; and having observed that after becoming sick they rapidly fattened; he thought that his friends might profit by the same treatment, and so fed them in like manner with the swine; but, to his disappointment, found that what was good for the pigs was bad for the monks, for they died; and so the metal obtained the name of antimoine, antimonk, antimony.

☞ The man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his horse, his dog, and himself, severally unequalled, is almost sure to be a good-humored person, though liable to be tedious times.

☞ I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of a that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of *all* kinds.—*Emerson.*

☞ Sorrow is God's school. Even God's own Son was not made perfect without it; though a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things that he suffered.

☞ Narrow-minded men, who have not thought beyond the sphere of their own vision, recall the Hindoo saying, "the snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe."

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Cleveland Plaindealer says, the Free Lovers of Berlin Heights, who have been on trial several days at Sandusky, Ohio, have been broken up. Mrs. Lewis, who was enticed away from her home in New York, by a Mr. Tyler, has gone back with her husband; the balance are in jail, under bonds, or pledged to leave the country for their country's good.

A WEIGHTY CALF.—A correspondent writing from Five Corners, Cayuga Co., says:—"Ezra Wagner, of this place, is raising (from a two-year old heifer,) a calf that weighed *one hundred and twenty pounds*, before it was a day old! It have no claim to high blood or pedigree. I think this does very well for our common breed of cattle."

RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE FALL OF DELHI.—The English troops at Delhi are in a more difficult position than they were before the assault. They are in their turn besieged by the Sepoys, who have established themselves in a fortified position six miles from Delhi, after having cut off all communication between that place and the other great military posts. We remarked some time ago, that the military movements of the Hindoos display a system of tactics which would do honor to the best of European Generals.—*Le Nord, of Brussels.*

LONGEVITY OF COWS.—A friend from Milton, informs us that a lady of that town owns three cows, which constitute her whole stock of cattle. One of them was raised on the farm, has always been owned by the same person, and is known to have been twenty-four years old last March. The ages of the other two are not precisely known, but one of them was purchased in 1838, and the other in 1840; consequently, each of them must now be over twenty, and probably twenty-two or three, making the united ages of three cows, owned by the same person, nearly or quite *seventy years.—Mass. Ploughman.*

THE MARRIAGE of Mr. Bayard Taylor, in Gotha, Saxony, to Miss Hansen, of Gotha; took place on the 27th of October. The Home Journal says that Mr. Taylor passes the winter with his bride at Moscow, where she has relatives residing. He is to come back to America next autumn.

A YOUNG lady from Kentucky, who was visiting near Columbus, Ohio, became much attached to a mocking bird in the house of her relatives. The bird sickened and died. The lady bewailed the loss most piteously, and soon after became insane. On being sent home in charge of an attendant, she attempted suicide by stabbing herself with her scissors, but is now recovering.

CHARLES MACKAY will deliver a course of lectures in Brooklyn and New York, commencing this week. The New York course will be before the Association of Merchants and Clerks.

GOVERNOR WALKER has arrived at Washington city from Kansas.

JAMES G. BIRNEY, the anti-slavery candidate for the Presidency in 1844, died on Thursday evening of last week, at Eagleswood, near Perth Amboy, N. J., at the age of 65 years. He has been suffering during the past twelve years from paralysis, which has recently been complicated with heart disease, and aggravated by the infirmities of old age. Mr. Birney was born at Danville, Ky., in 1793.

LATER advices from Mexico, say that the country was in a most distracted condition. Another general revolution impending, the fall of Comonfort regarded as certain, the sacrifice of his life probable, and the return of Santa Anna being negotiated for by the revolutionists. William Moran, editor of the Mexican Extraordinary, has been thrown into prison for publishing an article against the Governor of Zacatecas.

THE CUNARD mail steamer Arabia, carried to England upwards of a million and a half in specie on freight. The steamships Africa and Vanderbilt, together, bring to this country nearly $2,000,000 in specie.

A HYPOCRITE.—The Nashville (Tenn.) Gazette, tells of a "regular licensed preacher," who recently ran off from that city, taking with him a married woman—not his wife. He had refused a situation a few days before, because a person with whom he would have to associate was addicted to profane swearing! This, we think, was "putting rather too fine a point upon it."

A CHEAP BED COVER.—A correspondent says that he uses coverings of old newspapers on three beds in his house, instead of comforters, and finds them much more comfortable and pleasant to sleep under. He pastes the edges together and spreads them between two light covers, and he finds that about one pound to a bed is sufficient.

NEW MODE OF STOPPING A HORSE.—A few days since, a fiery young horse, attached to a light carriage in which two young men were seated, took fright at the noise of a locomotive at the railroad depot in Lancaster, Pa., and started to run away, when one of the young men, leaning over the dash-board, seized the animal's tail, which had the effect of stopping him instantly.

RESUMING WORK.—The Pittsburg (Pa.) *Dispatch* says that several of the Sligo iron works have resumed this week, and are now running half time. This will furnish employment to many who have been idle for some time past. Several of the mills in the Fifth Ward, also, the *Dispatch* says, will start again shortly.

DEPLORABLE STATE OF IGNORANCE.—A few weeks ago, an announcement was made of a public meeting in St. Paul, Minnesota Territory, to raise funds to relieve the destitute population of Stearns county, who were said to be literally starving to death. A letter from Stearns county, to the St. Paul Pioneer, says that the newspaper account of the meeting in St. Paul, was the first information the people of Stearns county had received of their very destitute condition.

MARCH OF LIBERALITY.—It is stated that the Shah of Persia is about to proclaim the equality of all his subjects, Mahomedans, Christians and Jews, all of whom, without distinction of race or religion, will be eligible for the civil and military services of the State.

THE ERIE CANAL.—The Lockport (N. Y.) Courier says the canal has not frozen up yet, but it is so blocked up with snow, the tow path is so drifted, and such a snow embargo is upon the boats, the tow lines, the locks and everything else in this vicinity, that navigation is virtually suspended. The mild weather since, is, however, favorable to a resumption of navigation.

THE ALLIGATOR'S ENEMY.—An alligator was recently killed near the Balize (Mouth of the Mississippi) which was nearly eaten up by shrimps. It seems that when one of these monsters is wounded ever so slightly, the shrimps at once begin to make their home in his body, and the colony increases until the little pests actually devour the alligator alive.

EARTHQUAKE IN KENTUCKY.—A severe earthquake was experienced at Columbus, Ky., on the morning of the 17th ult. The shock was of short duration, lasting only two or three seconds, but it was of considerable power.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION.—A little boy, between four and five years old, a son of Mr. Wilkins, of Howard's Lick, La., strayed from home recently. Search was at once instituted, and continued without success for five days, over a rough and mountainous country, but on the sixth day, the little wanderer was found about five miles from his home, well and hearty, having subsisted on grapes and berries.

A KANSAS BANK.—During the debate on the banking articles of the Kansas Constitution, it came out that in making up a bank at Lecompton, last summer, it was necessary, in accordance with the charter, to exhibit a cash capital of $50,000. While the Governor counted one bag at a time, the other was carried out and brought in again, and this was done until $50,000 were counted and certificates obtained.

KOVEL LOCOMOTIVE.—At Moscow, lately, great curiosity was excited by an experiment being made with a new description of locomotive, running along the streets, and so constructed as to cause the wheels to lay down a sort of wooden rail as they advanced. The locomotive dragged after it a number of carts, heavily laden. The experiment, though the first made, had perfectly succeeded.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 158—Adults 76, and children 82.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FINANCIAL PANIC IN ENGLAND—PANIC QUIETED.

A fearful financial panic occurred in England the day after the Atlantic sailed.

All the banks refused to discount in any shape.

The following failures occurred during the panic:—City of Glasgow Bank; Sanderson, Sandman & Co., of London; Wilson, Morgan & Co., Stationers, of London; Fletch & Skeet, Stationers, of London; Caddington & Co., Iron Merchants, of Liverpool; Mackenzie, Ramsey & Co., of Dundee; Draper, Picton & Co., of London; Talman, Grenel & Co. of Liverpool; Bun, Bradice & Co., of London; Munroe, Grant & Co., of Swansea; Stergman & Co., of Nottingham.

In the midst of the panic the Treasury issued an order suspending the restriction of the charter of the Bank of England. The effect of this order was instantaneous. The panic immediately ceased; and the news was received with furious acclamations in all the commercial cities throughout the kingdom.

The English money market was steadier on the 13th. Bank stock quoted at 209¾ a 212. Exchequer bills improved. All kinds of produce immediately advanced considerably.

There had been a great money panic in Scotland, and a heavy run precipitated on all the banks.

The feeling among the business circles in Bristol, Manchester, Edinburg, and other places, became more cheerful on hearing that the Government had authorized the Bank to extend its issues.

The British Parliament will meet immediately.

The Bank of France had raised its discount on ninety days bills to 10 per cent.

The English ship Dunbar, bound to Australia, was wrecked off Sydney. One hundred and forty passengers, and all of the crew, were lost.

INDIA.—The latest advices from Delhi say the exact extent of the British loss is not yet ascertained, but it is believed to be less than twelve hundred. The mutineers of the Gwalior Contingent had been subdued by cutting off their supplies. It was reported that Lucknow, which was relieved on the 25th of September, was again besieged by Nena Sahib with fifty thousand rebels.

All the city people found in Delhi were bayonetted by the British troops. Many Europeans were found in the city, fighting in the ranks of the rebels.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 13.—The sales of cotton for the week amount to only 11,000 bales, in consequence of the depression and panic in monetary affairs. On Wednesday and Thursday the decline in cotton ranged from 1d. a 1¾d., and there was a general panic in the market. On Friday the measures of relief adopted created an improved feeling, and prices advanced ¾d., with sales of 6,000 bales, the market closing with a tendency to a still further advance. The quotations are irregular and nominal.

THE BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA.—REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS.—The commissioners appointed by Governor Pollock to examine into, and report on, the condition of the Bank of Pennsylvania, have concluded their labors for the present. The partial report of the commission was sealed on Wednesday night, the 25th ult., and sent to Harrisburg. The commissioners, Judge J. T. Hale, Eli Slifer, and J. C. Bomberger, met in this city on the 17th ult., and proceeded at once to a discharge of their duties. The investigation was conducted with due diligence, and the result, thus far, is in the possession of the Governor of the State.

We were informed that the ascertained liabilities of the bank amount to about *two million dollars*, while the assets will figure to the amount of *two million seven hundred thousand dollars*. These assets consist of bills receivable, bonds, mortgages, real estate, &c., and the liabilities, of indebtedness to the city and country banks, circulation, deposits, and checks marked good. The report sent to the Governor contains a classification of these assets and liabilities. The commissioners will probably resume their investigation in the course of fifteen or twenty days.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.—The Daniel Webster, from Havana, reached New Orleans on Nov. 28th, with half a million of dollars.

The Pacific Mail Steamship's Company steamer Northern Light, from Aspinwall, with a fortnight's later news from California, had arrived at Havana, and sailed for New York on the 25th ult. She has on board two millions of dollars in treasure.

The news of the loss of the Central America caused a general gloom in San Francisco. The Courts immediately adjourned. Various mass meetings were held, at which resolutions were adopted denouncing the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

Mr. Harasthy, late refiner in the Mint, had been indicted for embezzling $150,000.

The news of the protest of Messrs. Luther & Church's drafts at New York, had caused a run, which compelled the firm to close. Several attachments had been made.

There was also a run on Messrs. Tallant & Weld, and several others, but none of them had closed at the sailing of the steamer.

The accounts from the mining districts were good. The markets were inactive.

FORTY-SEVEN STATES.—Would any one believe, without looking into it, that we are in a fair way of carrying the number of sovereign States, originally thirteen, and now thirty-one, up to forty-seven? But so it is. In the first place, there are *Oregon, Kansas*, and Minnesota, whose constitutions are already formed or forming. It is hoped that they will be admitted the coming winter, making the members of the Confederacy thirty-four. Then New Mexico, Nebraska, and Washington, already thriving Territories, will swell the aggregate to thirty-seven. Four new States to be carved out of Texas, according to provisions in the treaty of annexation, will give us forty-one. Two additional States demanded from the area now included in California would make forty-three. Arizona, Neosho, Dacotah, and Columbus Territories carry us up to forty-six; and lovely Utah will be the forty-seventh (will Mr. Hillard excuse us?) to "lend to that fair circlet the grace of her form and the lightness of her step."—*Boston Journal.*

A MODERN "INCANTATION."—On Friday James Henderson, *alias* Bailey, was committed by the Liverpool magistrates to gaol for three months, charged with fortune-telling. Among his papers was found the following "incantation:"—I do conjure, constrain, adjure, and command you spirits, Andays, Anaila, Anear, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, by Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, by the general resurrection, and by Him who shall come to judge the quick and the dead, and the world by fire, and by the general resurrection at the last day, and by that name which is called tetregramaton, that you cause the person who stole the goods in question to bring back the same.

☞ What Yankee would have lived in Sparta? "If, in Sparta, a young man purchased an estate upon advantageous terms, or made what is termed a 'a good bargain,' he was rendered accountable to the State, and fined for being *unjust, in buying a thing under its value!*"

☞ Pitiful! that a man should so care for riches, as if they were his own; yet so use them, as if they were another's: that when he might be happy in spending them, he will be miserable in keeping them: and had rather, dying, leave wealth with his enemies, than, being alive, relieve his friends.

☞ It is curious to see how the same wants and tastes find the same implements and modes of expression in all times and places. The young ladies of Otaheite, as you may see in Cook's voyages, had a sort of crinoline arrangement fully equal to radius to the large spread of our own lady-baskets.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
McNALLY & CO., 25 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SIMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOILEMIT, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—If by the liberty of the press we understand merely the liberty of discussing the propriety of public measures and political opinions, let us have as much of it as you please; but if it means the liberty of affronting, calumniating and defaming one another, I, for my part, own myself willing to part with my share of it whenever our legislators shall please to alter the law; and shall cheerfully consent to exchange my liberty of abusing others for the privilege of not being abused myself.—*Franklin.*

☞ When the great earthquake took place in Calabria in 1783 a beautiful woman of Oppido, nineteen years of age, and who then was near her confinement, was buried beneath the ruins for thirty hours, and was finally extricated by her husband and safely delivered a few hours after as if nothing had happened. On being inquired of as to how she felt during the inhumation of thirty hours, she meekly replied, "*I waited.*"

☞ The Sicele has been lately giving the details of a stupendous project for connecting England and France by means of a submarine tunnel. The projector of the scheme is a certain M. A. Thome de Gamond. To an English ear this sounds very much like gammon.—*Punch.*

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
THEY ARE EXTREMELY VEGETABLE,
And free from Alcoholic Stimulant, and all injurious ingredients;

Are pleasant in taste and smell, mild in their operation, and speedy. All mankind over, from the body, give a loan to the mental desk and health and vigor to the frame.

They will cure DYSPEPSIA.
They will cure NERVOUS DEBILITY.
They will cure LIVER COMPLAINT.
They will cure JAUNDICE.
They will cure DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.
They will cure CONSUMPTION.
They will cure PILES.
They will cure HEARTBURN.
They will cure SWIMMING OF THE HEAD.
They will cure FLUTTERING OF THE HEART.

They are prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, 418 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—The Balsam of Wild Cherry will cure any one who are afflicted with a cough or bronchial trouble. Its singular power over these diseases has rendered Dr. Wistar Isaacs wherever pulmonary complaints are known.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY
By R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS, Nos. 723 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	14 a16	Leg, Loin, Chp ₩ lb	6 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	12 a16	Young Lamb, whole	$3 00
Chuck pieces	8 a12	Whole carcass	9 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	8 a10	Fore quarter ₩ lb	8
Tongues, fresh	63 a75	Hind do	11
Ox, each	2 a3	Chop	12½
Skin, each	25 a50	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	6 a12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ₩ lb	6½	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₩ lb	18 a20	Young Pigs	$1 25 a1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 a 14
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Hind do	12½ a 13
Hind do	1 00 a1 12½	Chops ₩ lb	14 a 16
Chops ₩ lb	18 a25	Lard do	13 a 15
Calves Head, each	25 a37½	Hams, sliced	12½a 13
		Bologna Sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips ₩ bkt	25 a 37½	Corn potatoes bu	75 a1 00
do ₩ pk	12½ a 14	do basket	37½ a 50
Beets ₩ bunch	4 a 5	do ½ pk	14 a 16
Cabbages, ₩ do	67½a1 25	Onions bus	— a1 50
do ₩ ½	8 a 10	Carrots doz	12
Salad, head	1 a 5	Tomat's ₩ ½ pk	5 a 6
Sq'l Pota'es ₩ bus	$1 25a1 75	do ₩ basket	50 a 62
do do ₩ lb	6 a 8	Rice Plants, each	3 a 10

FRUIT.

Apples ₩ bkt	90 a1 00	Cranberries qt	12
do ½ pk	12½ a 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ₩ pair	31 a 37	Sch Pig's ₩ pair	2½ a 3½
Chickens ₩ pair	37 a 1 25	Woodc'k	50 a 75
Pheasants	25 a 37½	Frogs ₩ doz	25 a 31
		Snipe, sand	37½

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (South'n) ₩ doz	$4 a6 00	Oysters, Absecum	
do (Chas & Bal)	6 a8 00	₩ 100	62 a 00
Lobsters ₩ lb	5 a 10	₩ M	4 a5 00
Clams ₩	3 a4 50	M Bay Cove ₩	3 a3 00
		N Y do ₩ bbl	10 a25 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	10 a12	Perch bunch	@1a1 25
Bass	6 a 9	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 8	Pike	6 a12½
Tomcodders	— a 6	Split Shad lb	12
Cod	5 a 8	" Mackerel	12
Hinckshaw	— 8	Dry Cod	4 a 6
White Fish	— a 8	Smk'd Herring bunch	6
Rock	8 a12½	Fresh Salmon lb	35 a45

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	29 a35	Honey lb	20 a25
Roll do	16 a20	Sponge cake	2 a 3
Eggs do	16 a17		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 325 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 per ct		
" " '62	—	—
" " '67	110	—
" " '68	110	—
" " '63	—	—
Phila 6 per ct	97	97½
" " new	92	92½
" " "	—	—
Cass City 6 per ct	—	—
Phila 5 per ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
Alleg City 6 per ct	—	—
" " Coupy	—	—
Allegh R R's	—	—
Penn	—	—
" " 5 "	83	85
" " coupon	87	88
Penn 6 per ct	94½	95
" " 5 " coupon	79	81
Kentucky 6 per ct	90½	91
Penn R R 6 per ct	91	92
Read R R 6 per ct '58	74	75
C & Am R R 6 per ct	69	70
P & A N R R "	88	90
Reading R R "	77	78
" " 1st "	90	93
H & Lan R R "	—	—
Cha Val R R "	—	—
Penn R R "	—	—
Phil Wil & Bal "	—	—
" R R 6 per ct	94	97
Long I R R "	—	—
Sch Nav 7 per ct	60	61
Lehigh Nav "	85½	86½
Morris "	81	82
C & I C "	65	70
Sus & Tid '72 "	52	56
Union Canal "	35	42
Will'ms & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 per ct	68	72
2d " 7 per ct	50	53½
Catawissa "	39½	45
North Penn 6 per ct	53	59½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	97	99
Penna	30	30½
Hen Meadow	52	52
North Penna	8	9
Phil Ger & Nor	56	57
Reading	24½	24¾
Hanchill	30	31
Har & Lan	52	54
Chester Val	—	6
Penn	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	19	20
Long Island	10	10½
Wil'sport & Elmira	1.21	13
Catawissa	5	7
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	11	11½
" preferred	18	20
Lehigh Nav	54	54
Morris consolidated	47	50
" preferred	90	90½
C & Del	—	—
Union	41	42
Sus & Tidewater	—	—
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	—	155
Penna	10	12
Phila	98	99½
Far & Mec	50½	52
Commercial	35	45
N Liberty	—	57
Mechanics	24	29
Southwark	—	80
P Township	—	—
Kensington	—	—
Girard	91	97
Man & Mech	—	25
Commerce	—	—
Tradesman's	—	—
City	98	95
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	—	—
Corn Exchange	—	—
Pittsburg	—	—
M & M Pitts	—	—
Fay'te Pitts	—	—
Kentucky	1¼	2½
Northern, Ky	1.0	1.2
Louisville, Ky	1.0	1.5
Farmers, Ky	—	1.0
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	1.7
Plant's, Tenn	—	1.0
Com & R Vick	61	—
N O Gas Lt	112	113

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.
No. 39 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, November 28, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	2 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
Relief notes	par	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	3 dis
Solvent banks	par to 2 dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 dis
Solvent banks	par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	2 dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks	3 to 4 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	par	State bank	2 dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	10 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	par	Gold backs	10 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	15 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	2½ dis	Solvent banks	3 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	3 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston	25 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	7 dis		
CANADA.			
Solvent banks	1½ dis		

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES IN LADIES' FURS. CHARLES OAKFORD & SON, Importing and Manufacturing Furriers, No. 624 Chestnut Street below 7th, will close their entire stock of Ladies' Furs without regard to cost. oct31-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. George A. Durbrow, Mr. WILLIAM J. IRVIN, to Miss CATHARINE DALEY, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. James McCaskey, Mr. ANDREW MCLAUGHLIN, formerly of Montgomery, Ala. to Miss MARGARET J. LOWRY, of this city.

On the 24th of Aug. by the Rev. Joseph Atwood, Mr. GEORGE ROGERS, to Miss MARY A. GOFF, both of Gloucester city, N. J.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. DAVID W. MCCABE, to Miss FREDERIKA W. SHUBERT, both of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOSEPH FARRIS, to Miss REBECCA RESSAU, both of this city.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON, to Miss ANNA OYEO.

On the 3d of Sept. by the Rev. Elias M. Levy, Mr. WILLIAM J. IRVIN, to ANNIE L. GREEN, both of West Philadelphia.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Grosbank, Dr. THEODORE A. HELMUS, of Minersville, to Miss AMANDA T. HOWES, of Philadelphia.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. JOHN HOWE, to Miss MARY E. KLINE, both of this city.

On the 1st ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL S. COGGINS, to Miss ELIZA MYERS, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. James Cunningham, Mr. JACKSON WATT, to Miss ELIZABETH C. MCCORMICK.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. THEODORE J. BONNER, to Miss SUSIE J. PIERCE, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, SARAH M. wife of Samuel Riley, aged 28 years.

On the 23d ultimo, MRS. ANN BUNN, daughter of Elizabeth and the late John Wagner, aged 54 years.

On the 23d ultimo, MRS. MARTHA W. YOUNG, aged 54.

On the 24th ultimo, JOHN L. ROSS, aged 37 years.

On the 25th ultimo, MARY ANN, wife of John H. Black, aged 23 years.

On the 23d ultimo, MRS. ELLEN MCKENDRICK, aged 36.

On the 22d ultimo, MARGARET, wife of Benj. Price, aged 36 years.

On the 21st ultimo, ELLEN, daughter of Robt. and Mary Barnes, aged 17 years and 3 months.

On the 21st ultimo, ANNABELLA V. HARRIS, wife of J. Tilden Harris.

On the 21st ultimo, SARAH ANN, wife of C. F. Byers, aged 37 years.

On the 22d ultimo, MRS. MARIA L. RICH, aged 22 years.

On the 20th ultimo, CATHARINE, wife of Geo. W. Watson, aged 46 years.

On the 19th ultimo, MRS. ELIZABETH LEIDY, aged 56.

On the 22d ultimo, MRS. MARY HARVIE, aged 41 years and 10 months.

On the 23d ultimo, JAMES W. STOCKET, aged 32 years.

On the 23d ultimo, MRS. ELEANOR, wife of John Sloan, aged 41 years.

On the 23d ultimo, MARIA DAVIS, aged 55 years.

On the 22d ultimo, MARIA E. HARRINGTON, aged 27.

On the 21st ultimo, CATHARINE, wife of John Collin, aged 40 years.

RELIEF FOR HARD TIMES.

I WISH TO PROCURE AN AGENT, (either Lady or Gentleman) for every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a genteel business, by which from $100 to $200 per month can be realized. For particulars, address, with stamp, W. R. ACTON, dec5-4t 41 N. 6th St., Philada.

2,000 AGENTS WANTED, either Ladies or Gentlemen, in every town and county in the United States, to engage in a genteel business by which they can make from $1,000 to $2,000 a year. For particulars, address, enclosing stamp, S. A. DEWEY & CO., dec5-4t Box 131 Philadelphia, Pa.

$1,000 A YEAR!! $1,000 A YEAR!!

$1,000 A YEAR. PROFITABLE AND HONORABLE employment for all times. Persons in town or country, in search of employment as a source of income, $1,000 A YEAR. or to turn their leisure hours, and $1,000 A YEAR. by addressing two stamps, $1,000 A YEAR. to pay postage, to Professor JAMES $1,000 A YEAR. T. HORNE, Box No. 4,351 New $1,000 A YEAR. York Post Office. The employment is $1,000 A YEAR. fitted to either sex; station in life no $1,000 A YEAR. material. It is an article of daily consumption, and can be manufactured in $1,000 A YEAR. the agent's dwelling; secured by copy- $1,000 A YEAR. right; sale as permanent as flour. An $1,000 A YEAR. agent is wanted in every town in the $1,000 A YEAR. Union. dec5-4t

BEST HONEY AND CHEAPEST RECIPE for making Honey as good as that made by bees—cost, six cents per pound. Every family should have it. Sent for $1. Ten Recipes for $2. N. R. GARDNER, dec5-4t Ponce Dale, R. I.

THE BEST BOOKS FOR AGENTS!

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.
PLEASE TO READ THIS!
AGENTS WANTED! Extra inducements for 1858.

All persons in want of employment will at once receive our CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the New Year, prepaid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons ready to engage in the sale of our LARGE TYPE QUARTO PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS.

On receipt of the established price, SIX Dollars, the PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with a well bound Subscription Book, will be carefully packed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas.

Our books are sold only by canvassers, and well known to be the most salable. Please open a correspondence with us; and we shall take pleasure in forwarding to your address our General Circular of Books, terms, and full information relative to the business. Address

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
nov29-tf 181 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

THE
WM. J MARSDEN
WATCH.

The Subscribers' sole Agents in the United States for this celebrated make of Watch, would recommend it to persons wishing a time-piece on which they can *implicitly rely* to keep *correct time*.

It is finished with ten leaf pinions, sapphire ruby jewels and chronometer balance, carefully adjusted, to counteract the variations caused by *heat* and *cold*, and is unequalled for time-keeping qualities by any fine English movement ever imported into this country.

FARR & THOMPSON,
Importers of Watches, &c.,
120 Chestnut St., below Fourth, Phila.

For sale also by WILSON McGREW & SON, Watchmakers, Cincinnati, Ohio.

N. B.—The above Watches can be sent safely by mail or express to any part of the Union. jan17-cowly

SAVING FUND—NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY, WALNUT Street, South-West corner of THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, have over ONE MILLION AND A HALF OF DOLLARS all in first class Securities. Interest *Five Per Cent.* Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock. sept5-26t

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, at Reduced Prices. No. 622 Market St., below Sixth St. THOMAS W. HAILY, oct3-tf Successor to W. HAILY & SON.

NOT HARD TIMES!—$25 per week for Travelling Agents. $20 per week for Local Agents. Good references required. Particulars free to all who will inclose stamp or three cent piece for return postage. S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass. oct24-12t

A RETIRED PHYSICIAN,
75 YEARS OF AGE,

Whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered while in the East Indies, a certain cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, and GENERAL DEBILITY. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East India Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard and succeeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and he has never failed to make them completely healthy and happy. Wishing to do as much good as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow-beings as request it, this recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up, and successfully using it. He requires each applicant to inclose him one shilling—three cents to be returned as postage on the recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement.

Address DR. H. JAMES,
No. 19 Grand Street,
nov14-4t Jersey City, N. J.

FIRST PREMIUM COTTAGE ENAMELLED
FURNITURE,
For Country Seats, Villas, or City Residences.

COURTNEY & WILLITS, Nos. 14 and 16 S. 7th St., have constantly on hand a large assortment of the above Furniture. Also, Dining-Room Chairs, Extension Tables, Mattresses, &c.

Suits of Furniture as low as $25; and neat suits, consisting of Marble Top Bureau, Marble Top Washstand, Bedstead, Toilet Table and four Chairs, for $40.

Orders from all parts of the country attended to, and carefully packed. sept19-3m

WANTED—300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, at a salary of $100 per month. A capital of only $5 required. Full particulars given to all who inclose a stamp and address UNION AGENCY, Pawsdale, R. I. sept5-3m

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, at Reduced Prices. No. 622 Market St., below Sixth St. THOMAS W. HAILY, oct3-tf Successor to W. HAILY & SON.

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Wit and Humor.

RUNNING DOWN A BILL;
OR, HOW TO AVOID A DUN.

A story is told of Mr. ——, well known in this city as a easy-dispositioned, good sort of fellow, who has unconquerable scruples against paying debts—not so much from ethical as financial reasons; believing, with the famous epigrammatist, Martial, that Nature absolves him from all pecuniary liabilities to whom she has not given the means of discharging them.

Some time ago a certain collector for a merchant tailor found among his bills one for forty dollars, for a suit of clothes, against our hero, whom we will call Jenkins. The collector called at Jenkins's place of business, and presented the memorandum of indebtedness. Jenkins ran his eye over it hastily and carelessly, and returned it, saying:

"There's some mistake about this; I owe them twenty-five dollars for a coat, I know—but nothing more. They've got some one else's bill mixed up with mine. Tell Jones, Robinson & Co., (we will so style the firm) I'll call down and see about it."

The collector retired, and surrendered the bill into the hands of J., R. & Co., but they hearing or seeing nothing of their debtor for three months, again sent the specimen of their chirography to Jenkins.

"Hallo!" exclaimed that worthy, "what's this? Forty dollars for a pair of pants? Well, that is a good price. Look here, my friend, (to the collector) there's a big error here somewhere, and I intend to have it rectified. Tell your employers I'll be down there in a week or two and have that thing straightened."

A second time the collector departed, and delivered his message as he had received it. The tailors knew that their bill was correct, and waited patiently for Jenkins many weeks, but he came not.

Once more the bill was made visible by the collector to the eye of Jenkins, who blustered out:

"What the mischief is all this about? Why, confound it, all I got there was a summer vest, the one I have on now—forty dollars for this—well, that is cool! Tell Jones, Robinson & Co., their book-keeper must be drunk. The price of the vest was four dollars—I remember it well—I'll pay that some time when I am passing. Just tell them so."

Three months more elapsed, and Jenkins never came near the store to settle or arrange his bill, and for the fourth time it went back to him.

"Forty, forty; forty—what?—dollars?" questioned Jenkins, squinting at the paper—"forty devils! Well, that's a good joke! Oh, yes, I see—ha, ha, ha! Why, bless your soul, that is intended for forty cents; they've put the figures in the wrong column. I was going to Louisville one day, and I stepped into their place and bought a pair of socks, and as they had no change convenient for a ten dollar note, I told them I'd step in and pay it; and, by Jore! I've never thought of it since. It's all right; but I haven't a dime in my pocket as it happens. I'll be down that way to-morrow, though, and drop in and pay the trifle."

Seven, eight, nine weeks passed, and no Jenkins. For the fifth time the collector stood in Jenkins's path with the ominous and everlasting bill.

Jenkins looked long at the bit of paper, apparently lost in surprise, repeating:

"Jones, Robinson & Co.,—Jones—Robinson—Jones—Jones"—and finally asked, "Who are they, any how?"

"Why, you know," replied the collector, "the merchant tailors on Front between —— and —— streets."

"Let me see! I believe I have heard of such a firm, but nothing good of them, though. Jones, Robinson & Co. Oh, yes; they're a set of swindlers. I know them quite well—they can't play any of their sharp games on me. I never was in their store in my life. I'd be ashamed to be seen going into such a den of thieves. Forty dollars! Why, confound their villainy and impudence! Tell them, if they ever dare to speak to me on the subject, I'll kick them for their impertinence!"—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A GOOD ONE.—A "Green Mountain Boy," (so called because the mountains, not the boys, are green,) tells the following spicy anecdote, which we do not remember to have seen in print. Roswell F——, a Vermont lawyer of distinguished ability, is now residing in St. Louis and in the first rank of the bar of Missouri, had brought a suit in Court which was really so plain a case for the plaintiff, that, having submitted the papers, and other proofs to the court, he felt that his client's interest really required no more, and he accordingly sat down without making the customary opening address to the Jury. But the defendant's counsel more ambitious of rhetorical display, and probably conscious that the defence required the best abilities, rose and made a long harangue characterized by an immense flood of pompous words, as was his custom, but destitute of even an attempt at logic or reasoning of any kind. When he had done, the plaintiff's counsel, who was expected to make an elaborate speech in reply, rose and merely said—"*May it please the court* and gentlemen of the jury—in this case I shall follow the example of the counsel for the defence, and submit the case *without argument*.—*Boston Post.*

FRIGHTFULLY MYSTERIOUS.—A gentleman sojourning at a fashionable watering place hotel, who was roomed next to two young ladies, overheard the following conversation one morning, recently.

"My dear, I cannot find my bones, and how can I go to breakfast? I shall look as if I had fallen to pieces."

"I will lend you my skeleton, dear, if it will fit you."

"Oh, thank you! how kind! yes, exactly."

Only one young lady appeared at breakfast. What was the condition of the one who lent her "skeleton?"

AT A TRIAL of three-year-old colts, at the Oneida county fair, Job Crocker was trotting his tall, gaunt colt at full speed, and in such an eager manner—with his head stretched forward, and his mouth wide open—as to attract the crowd, when Donaldson sung out, "Shut your mouth, Job, or the draught will stop your horse."

A SHREWD YOUNG MAN.

COUSIN.—"Charlie!—Just fancy what people are saying!"

CAPTAIN CHARLIE.—"Well, Susie?"

COUSIN.—"That—that—you and I are going—a—a—to be—married!"

CHARLIE *(with presence of mind)*.—"A—never mind, Susie,—We know better—we are not so foolish!"

—*From the London Punch.*

AN INSULTING EPITHET.

The Gallic temperament appears, from the reports of the correctional police, to be peculiarly sensitive upon the subject of epithets. Here is an instance:

Accused. "Yes, it is quite true. I do not deny what Galpy says. I fell upon him; but if he had said to any one what he did to me, he would have done precisely as I did."

Magistrate. "What did he say to you?"

Accused. "What he said to me—what he said to me—he knows well enough. It suffices that I understood him."

Magistrate. "Galpy, what was it you said?"

Galpy. "I—I don't know; we abused one another, but I don't remember saying anything that should have induced him to beat me as he did."

Magistrate. "Are there no witnesses?"

Witness. "I saw M. Souvette kick and strike M. Galpy."

Magistrate. "Did Galpy do anything to provoke him?"

Witness. "I don't know; I did not hear. I only know that Souvette said that Galpy had applied an epithet to him that he could not swallow."

Another witness was called, who likewise stated that Souvette had beaten Galpy; but he added, that he had been provoked thereunto.

Magistrate. "How provoked?"

Witness. "By an insulting word."

Magistrate. "What word?"

Witness. "Souvette said that he did not wish it to be publicly repeated."

Magistrate. "You are here to tell the truth, and must disguise nothing."

Souvette. "Oh, you may tell it, for I am not what he called me, and I can prove it when I like."

Witness. "Oh! then I will tell it; Galpy called him an archæologist."

Magistrate. "An archæologist! Well, is that an insulting epithet? Archæologists have become itinerants but not vagabonds."

Witness. "Well, I don't know what it means. It was Souvette who said it was an insult."

Magistrate. "Souvette, was it for being called an archæologist that you struck Galpy? Does that designation conceal some allusion to any acts in your life? Have you ever belonged to an archæological society?"

Accused. "I, indeed! I don't even know what the word means; but the witness who has just spoken, exasperated me by saying: 'Why he has called you an archæologist, and you take no notice of it?' So I felt my honor concerned, and vindicated it accordingly."

Souvette was condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment.

HOW THEY CATCH HUSBANDS OUT WEST.

Unthinking gentleman, Mr. Green, has lady put under his charge by anybody, perhaps by gentlemanly stranger, who, in the confidence style, asks him to see her ashore, when they arrive at Snagville. Mr. Green, rather fascinated by his young *protege*, more or less. Very dull on board steamboat, passengers tired to death. Mr. Green prosecutes intimacy, and meets with bewildering success. Passengers continue to be very dull. Mr. Green continues to advance. Passengers wouldn't mind a little scandal to pass the time. Green's young lady is observed by other ladies—kind, good, sweet ladies—to cry a great deal in very conspicuous parts of the vessel, and suddenly muffle up her face and sob, or else run. Lady passengers, full of pity, conclude at once that Green is a wretch. Ask girl if so isn't; girl "boo-hoos." Grand indignation scene; gentlemen passengers hold a meeting: noble, impulsive hearts, let out their fine feelings; high-toned moral captain looks grimly and virtuously sagacious; winks to passengers. Takes Mr. Green aside, and bullies him about the girl; Green turns blue. Captain calls him villain before folks, and orders a marriage forthwith. Green declines. Captain produces two revolvers, a bowie-knife, and a clergyman. Green "caves in" and consents. Young lady overwhelmed, ladies overwhelmed, everybody overwhelmed, especially captain's clerk, who exchanges winks with the bride when unobserved by the rest of the party. All cheerful; captain stands champagne; gentlemen joke Green; ladies all sympathy to bride; dinner and report in newspapers. Green turns up as a widower three days after among the Pelicans. Bride has run away with *portemonnaie* and shirt-studs!

Agricultural.

WARMTH OF STABLES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

I am questioned on the subject of keeping a fine coat on horses in winter. My correspondent writes me word that his horses, even at this early part of the commencement of winter, show prognostics of coats that will by no means satisfy his particularity as to the fineness of them. If he was a man keeping two or three horses only, we might suppose his ill-luck had put him in possession of animals with a peculiar tendency to long and rough coats in winter; but, as he keeps a large number of horses, this cannot be the case: besides which, he is a man of considerable fortune, particularly fond of horses, and of that liberal turn of mind that withholds no reasonable and proper expenditure for the comfort of the animals about him. He is, moreover, a sportsman, and a good judge of horses; so it is not neglect, bad management, or any parsimony, that has produced what he complains of.

He further states he finds a difficulty in keeping his stables sufficiently warm, keeping in view wholesome ventilation. I cannot conceive this to arise from any fault as regards the formation of the stables; for those appertaining to property of the class of my correspondents are not likely to be built but in such way as to be conducive to the well-doing of their inhabitants, in all ways. We must look further for the cause of the two failings complained of.

It strikes me that, as regards the prognostics of long coats during the winter, my correspondent may have been guilty of an omission which is sure to produce the results complained of. This is the not keeping horses warm enough *from the moment* we find their summer coat begins to stir. Its doing so we know arises from the shooting of the young coat, be it a spring or winter one. At this season horses should be kept particularly warm. The plant of the young coat (if I may use the expression) takes its tendency to remaining short and fine, or growing long, in accordance with the warmth the body is kept in at this particular time. It is said, "Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" but if we were to denude the lamb in March of his wool, we are not to expect the temperature of that month will change, that the lamb may not suffer from our act. Be this as it may, I know Nature furnishes a coat to the horse according to climate. The Arab and Persian horse have fine short coats; the Norwegian and Russian, also the Scotch shelty, a long one. We must, therefore, if we wish a horse to have an Arab coat, keep him in an artificial Arab climate; and, be it recollected, the East was the original birthplace of the horse. Warmth is natural to him. It is only from habit and long use he has grown to thrive in a cold or even temperate one. I am quite convinced the young hair is influenced as to its growth by the feelings of the animal, arising from the temperature we make for him at the time its first germ shows itself. In some proof of this, a friend of mine brought from Norway a horse of that country, and of the prevailing color, a kidd of mouse-colored dun, with a blackish list down his back bone. He brought him over in the spring, and his coat would hide your fingers if you ran them through it. Change of climate caused him to shed this earlier than our horses do; and early in April he showed a summer coat as fine as an English horse's. The coat might, perhaps, have been fine in summer in his own country. The bison, who sheds his enormous covering in summer, is then as fine as our ox; but he gets it again as winter approaches; so, doubtless, would my friend's horse have done in Norway. His master, however, took my advice, and kept his Norwegian in (to him) a warm *artificial* climate from the moment he saw symptoms of a hair stirring. And I can vouch for the fact that this horse carried a coat during the winter as fine as any hunter: indeed, it was particularly fine. The fact was that, from keeping him warm, and the change of climate, the horse's body and skin were in the state we may conclude the Eastern horses to be. We all know that many animals will change in color if taken to a cold climate. If, therefore, cold can so affect the coat as to change its hue, we can readily believe the effect it has on its growth.

I have gone into many stables in winter time, and have found them uncomfortably hot. This arises from our grooms and ourselves feeling the cold, and this calls attention to the warmth of the stables; but when the horse began shedding his coat we probably felt warm enough, and consequently permitted our stables to be too cool, not to say cold—or, at all events, did not keep them up to the necessary warmth, to check the growth of a long coat. Then when we see horses with their coats starting, we shut out every breath of air and run into the other extreme. It is too late; nothing but spring will then have any effect; the singeing-tin is then the only resource.

I am convinced a great deal of mischief is often done from giving horses, as it is termed, a "course of physic," about the time they are shedding their coats, and are, consequently, chilly and cold in themselves. *A course* of physic! What for? A horse that has been judiciously fed and treated during the summer usually wants no physic. It used to be given to get "the foulness out of him." What foulness? If there is any, why was it permitted to accumulate there? The grooms ought, if it could have been effected, to have been physicked instead of the horses. To do anything periodically with a horse I hold to be bad judgment; for in such cases we are apt to do it whether required or not. It is thus with physic; it should only be given in case of disease or the manifestation of its approach. Formerly horses were physicked in the autumn, to get the summer grass "out of them;" then, when he had got them in high condition and stamina by oats and work, in the spring they again got physic to get the oats "out of them," I suppose to make room for the grass. Nothing could be more preposterous. In those days a mild dose of physic during the hunting season was never thought of, however much the horse might show indications of wanting it, and most of them do.

A great deal has been said and written about ventilation. We English, if we get a thing in our heads, usually carry it to the extreme. Ventilation is quite proper and necessary to a stable, or rather to the horses that inhabit it. It is necessary in a house and the rooms we inhabit; but we do not in cold weather open the windows of the room we are dining in. Our bedroom windows are thrown open when we leave it; but we do not in winter have them so when we are there. Let us act upon the same principle with our horses; let their apartments be warm and comfortable: and then, if the stable and beds are properly kept and cleansed, so that no unpleasant smell of an ammoniacal nature or otherwise is perceived, and no dampness on the walls exists, there is no fear as regards ventilation. I have never heard of any ill effects arising from the wholesome warmth exuding from the body of a healthy horse, though much mischief occurs from foul litter and want of proper drainage, want of the floor of the stalls being frequently washed when the horses are out, et cetera; but I should be very averse to my horses being starved with cold, to let out bad smells occasioned by the negligence of those in care of them. Our own nose will tell us whether a stable is kept properly sweet, and our horses too will in time tell us if it is not.—*London Field.*

TO MAKE HENS LAY IN WINTER.—Provide—

1. A comfortable roost.
2. Plenty of sand, gravel and ashes, *dry*, to play in.
3. A box of lime.
4. Boiled meat, chopped fine, every two or three days.
5. Corn and oats, best if boiled tender.
6. All the crumbs and potato parings.

This treatment has proved quite successful—and hens which, without it, gave no eggs, with it immediately laid one each, on an average, every two days.

KEEPING POTATOES IN WINTER.—Potatoes spoil in winter, if buried, from three causes. First, and greatest, want of ventilation. Secondly, and nearly allied, dampness. Thirdly, and more rare, freezing. Farmers find most of their potatoes spoiled at the top of the heap, where they suppose they became frozen; but this is not the usual cause; the damp, foul, steamy air ascended there, and could not escape, and this spoiled them. A hole made in the top, with a crowbar, and closed with a wisp of straw, would have allowed egress to the confined air, and saved the potatoes.

COLIC IN CATTLE.—A piece of chloride of lime as big as a walnut, dissolved in a junk bottle of warm water, and given as a drench is a very effective remedy, in use in this region. A bag of salt, wet, and kept on the loins, laid on saddle wise, just back of the saddle, is also efficient, and may be used in connection with the chloride of lime.—*Homestead.*

TO PREVENT GIRDLING OF TREES.—Great injury is done to young trees in some districts by the meadow mouse. This little animal always works under cover, and therefore does its mischief in winter, when the snow lies deeply upon the ground. A common and effectual mode of deterring it is that of treading down the snow firmly about the stem directly after every fall of snow. But this is a very troublesome affair. The following mixture will be found to be an efficacious prevention: Take one spadeful of hot slaked lime, one do. of clean cow-dung, half do. of soot, one handful of flower of sulphur, mix the whole together with the addition of sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of thick paint. At the approach of winter paint the trunks of the trees sufficiently high to be beyond the reach of these vermin.—Experience has proved that it does no injury to the tree. A dry day should be chosen for its application. English nurserymen are in the habit of protecting nurseries of small trees from the attacks of rabbits, simply by distributing through the squares of the nursery coarse matches made by dipping bunches of rags, or bits of tow, in melted sulphur, and fastening these in split stakes a couple of feet high. The latter are stuck into the ground, among the trees, at from 12 to 20 feet apart, and are said completely to answer the purpose.—*Downing's Fruit Trees of America.*

YOUNG TREES.—The first remedy, which we find in the Massachusetts Ploughman, is this:—

"To prevent rabbits from barking young fruit trees, give the body of the young tree a thorough rubbing with soft soap. This not only prevents the rabbits from barking them, but it protects them against insects, takes all the rough scales off, softens the bark, and renders them much more thrifty than they would be otherwise. This simple recipe will be of vast value to the farmers in many parts of the West. Greasing will prevent rabbits from barking fruit trees, but it will also injure the tree."

The next we find in the Valley Farmer, from B. A. Rives:—

"I tear up old newspapers in strips fifteen or eighteen inches long, and wrap them around the body of the tree, commencing at the ground, and securing it with common twine. The paper will withstand all the rain that falls on it, and I never knew a tree injured by rabbits that was thus protected. Another advantage of the plan is, that it can be so quickly done—one person can tie up a hundred trees in two hours."

THOSE LOUSY CATTLE.—It was a great mistake that you ever suffered them to get lousy. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in this case, as in many others. But you are in for it, and the animals are inhabited.—What is to be done? Serve them as the hens serve themselves, when they have a chance. They insist upon dust, vigorously applied, and shaken in between every individual feather.—Watch them and you will find old and young busy, on the sunny side of a dirt bank, fighting lice with dirt. Apply this vermifuge with like persistence to the backs of your afflicted animals, and we will warrant a cure. Scotch snuff is indeed good, and so is tobacco water, but dirt is much cheaper.

OVER-REACHING HORSES.—A writer in the N. E. Farmer, who is a blacksmith, cures over-reaching horses, and increases their trotting speed fifteen or twenty seconds per mile, by the following mode of shoeing, which increases the motion of the forward feet, and retains the motion of the hind ones. He makes the toe-caulks very low, standing a little under, and the shoe set as far backward as convenient, on the forward feet, with high heel-caulks, so as to let them roll over as soon as possible. On the hind feet, the heel-caulk is low and the toe-caulk high and projecting forward. Horses shod thus, travel clean, with no click.

EARLY MARRIAGES.—She stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature as delicate, and who had known as little of the world as herself. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a vow from auburn hair, eyes, and pouting lips, only sixteen years old.

She stood at the wash tub when her twenty-fifth birthday arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house crying—some breaking things, and one urging the necessity of an immediate supply of the lacteal secretion. She stopped in despair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek. Alas, Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have muscle, limb and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts, and so on, until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions.

SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT.—Some time since one of your correspondents desired to know a parallel to Solomon's Judgment. One occurs in *Gesta Romanorum*. Three youths to decide a question are desired by their referee, the King of Jerusalem, to shoot at their father's dead body. One only refuses: and to him, as the rightful heir, the legacy is awarded.

In Harleian Ms. 4,523, is a similar story told as occurring in the kingdom of Pegu: one woman's child was carried away by an alligator; she and another mother claim a child; they are desired to pull for it; the infant cries, and one instantly quits her hold, and the judge awards the child to her.

The former incident was frequently quoted in the pulpit. The Emperor Claudius (*Suetonius in Claud.*, c. xv.), when a woman refused to acknowledge her son, ordered them to be married. The mother confessed her child at once. Probably this is the incident for which the inquiry was made.—*Notes and Queries.*

TO DISPUTANTS.—"It is possible that many of the opinions for which we persecute one another, relate to matters which our faculties are unable to comprehend. It is possible that, if our controversies could be submitted to the decision of beings of higher knowledge and intelligence than those of man, they would tell us that, for the most part, we are disputing about words which signify no realities, and debating propositions which, being unmeaning, possess neither truth nor falsehood. *One thing at least seems clear—that, if the Being who inspired the texts on which different sects found their arguments, had intended us to agree in one interpretation of them, He would not have left them susceptible of many.*"—*Archbishop Whately.*

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 2, 4, 10, 13, wears a missile weapon.
My 6, 9, 4, 6, is a sea in Palestine.
My 3, 4, 5, 6, is a division in a city.
My 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 12, means to attend to.
My 10, 11, 12, is a sea in Asia, and a river and lake in the United States.
My 10, 9, 8, is an abbreviation of the title of honor.
My 12, 4, 5, is a river in North Carolina.
My 3, 4, 10, 12, is what we sometimes see on some people's hands.
My 2, 4, 6, is what boys often call their fathers.
My 6, 4, 5, 7, means to venture.
My whole is a distinguished orator and statesman of the present day. W. A. R.

ANATOMICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 87 letters.
My 1, 82, 83, 60, 74, 86, 81, is the muscle which elevates the arm.
My 2, 61, 72, 59, 51, 71, 28, 1, is a tooth-like process of the dentata.
My 3, 87, 23, 50, 85, 15, 08, is the name given to the angle (corner) of the eye.
My 4, 05, 42, 27, 18, 38, is in anatomy an element.
My 61, 13, 11, 8, 10, 15, 20, is the bone of the arm.
My 5, 84, 25, 22, 69, is a nerve leading from the brain to the eye.
My 6, 80, 37, 77, 43, 26, is the name of the vertebra or spinal column.
My 7, 56, 76, 62, 17, 19, 51, is a name applied to the ducts, &c., of the liver.
My 8, 53, 31, 37, 40, 79, is a substance investing the teeth.
My 9, 32, 61, 20, 25, is a name given to the nostrils.
My 75, 32, 60, is an oily tissue.
My 10, 67, 81, 52, 15, 12, is one of the bones of the forearm.
My 67, 8, 32, 16, 4, is the source of life.
My 12, 11, 41, 45, 46, 47, 12, is that branch of anatomy which treats of muscles.
My 13, 30, 14, 19, 15, 44, is a term used by anatomists denoting the derma or outer skin.
My 31, 70, 18, 25, 9, 65, 13, is relating to the diaphragm.
My 24, 22, 23, 21, 54, 78, 42, is the anatomical name for the forehead.
My 34, 20, 30, 59, 54, 31, 63, is pertaining to the forehead.
My 39, 28, 74, 29, 61, 41, 66, is the right orifice of the stomach.
My 40, 55, 33, 35, 17, 42, is the anatomical name for an aperture or slit.
My 66, 69, 19, 23, is a name for the chin.
My whole is an eminent anatomist of this city.
Philadelphia. PETER A. B.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The name of a river of England,
My first you've heard of I trow;
'Tis also a river of Scotland,
And my next you've eaten ere now.

My third have in ages long back,
Their doctrines and teachings spread forth;
And 'tis true have been stretched on the rack,
By order and decree of my fourth.

The initials of these you can find,
I'm sure of in very short metre;
And when done 'twill bring to your mind,
That my whole crowns the church of St. Peter.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's an abbreviation,
Please bear it in mind;
My second's a habitation
For the animal kind.

My third's oft made in summer,
It is a kind of food;
My fourth's a title of honor—
I think I'm understood.

My whole in Europe you can find,
A city 'twill bring to view;
You can guess its name if you're inclined,
For it is not hard to do.

Pequea, Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
Omit my 4, 6, and I am what makes wrinkles on our brow.
Omit my 1, 4, 5, and I am a specimen of human skill.
Omit my 1, 4, 3, and transpose, and I become a very troublesome little animal.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, and I become a tame animal.
Omit my 1, 4, 6, and transpose, and I become the organ of hearing.
Omit my 1, 4, and transpose, and I become a weed.
My whole is to be seen in almost every parlor.
Maple Hill, Vigo Co., Ind. O. J. SMITH.

ANAGRAMS ON NAMES OF COUNTIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Som hat.
2. To Fred Hur.
3. Grose Tommy.
4. Pap rock Hanna.
5. No Gal.
6. Ramble Earl.

HARRY BOWMAN.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A conical cup is 8 as deep as it is wide at the top; it is 6-51 full of water; and if a ball 3 inches in diameter be let fall into it, it will just be immersed. Required, the width and depth of the cup?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a woman often making a noise? Ans.—Because she's generally in a *bustle*.

☞ Why are the profits of a drinking saloon like the purchases made now-a-days at some of our fashionable dry goods establishments? Ans.—Because they are *bar-gains*.

☞ Why is chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop? Ans.—Because it contains fowl-in pieces.

☞ When does a man dislike his food? Ans.—When he's compelled to swallow his rage.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Passenger Railroad.—ENIGMA.—Jupiter the king of the gods. ENIGMA.—The opening of the first American Congress. CHARADE.—Penmanship. CHARADE.—Concord.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—A 839 75; B 839 00; C 873 60; D 679 25.

ANSWER TO CHARADE PUBLISHED 14th OF NOVEMBER.

"*Man*," when uttered into being,
At first was free from guile;
And in the lovely Eden
Sweetly passed awhile.

That searched, the page of history,
Both profane and divine,
Will give us "*dates*" unnumbered,
Is plain to every mind.

Now what the whole is, reader,
I think I have quite straight,
For while some persons use command,
Others prefer "Mandate."

Charleston, S. C. PALMETTO.

☞ Does it not seem strange that men are so much inclined to war with each other on religion, and still feel so much dislike to live according to its precepts?

☞ In proportion as men are real coin, and not counterfeit, they seem to enjoy credit for what they have not. "Paint me," said Cromwell, "wrinkles and all." Even on coarse the great hero despised falsehood.